


Leaflets From Italy

M. Nataline Crumpton

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Leaflets from Italy

By

M. Nataline Crumpton

Edited by

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To
MY SISTERS

Prefatory Note

THE material for the "Leaflets" was collected between the years of 1903 and 1909 by my sister, who at this time was making an exhaustive study of Italian history and Christian art. In 1903, she lived for some months in Ravenna, where the beauty of the tomb of the Empress Galla Placidia made a great impression on her sensitive mind. She began at once to study the life and environment of this Italian Empress, and she brought home with her the material for this history.

At the same time, her attention was directed to the story of St. Augustine and his mother, and historical notes were made which later she wove into the delightful sketch of Santa Monica. In 1906 and 1907, while in Rome for the second time, she attended lectures given in the Forum by authoritative scholars, taking careful notes, which she verified later by consulting old books and manuscripts in the libraries to which she had

access. As my sister says, in the endless chain of history-mythology, romance and art are linked together, and the name of Santa Monica awakens a new thought and brings to the memory a vision of the Great Mother of the Gods and how she came to Italy. Very few travellers stop to look at the sculpture on the "low column of peculiar shape," in the Capitoline Museum in Rome, which tells the story, but my sister knew the meaning and has made it plain to us.

In 1909, during a long visit in Genoa she made the acquaintance of an old Italian gentleman who, impressed by her beautiful mind and spirit, gave her many opportunities for research work among the treasures of his native city. She saw and handled many rare books and sacred relics which were never shown except to favoured applicants.

The "Leaflets" were just finished when my sister went to California last June, from which place she took her last journey to the Great Unknown. The historical accuracy of the four sketches in the "Leaflets," the beauty and simplicity of expression, showing the mind of a traveller and a student, and the large circle of friends my sister had in Europe and America, together

with a desire to preserve in print for future reference thoughts which were so characteristic of their author, constitute the grounds for the publication of this volume.

MARGARET L. C. NICOLA.

PITTSBURGH, PA.,

January 22, 1912.

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“Another book about Italy? Oh, we know it all!” You can never know it all. Every year new books will be written about Italy, and people will be found to read them. The country that charms the eye, and instructs the mind, and uplifts the heart, is an Enchanted Land, whence every pilgrim bears a wand, which must at times be waved to extend the spell. It is the World’s University, and every alumnus must pay a tribute, great or small, to this alma mater.

Galla Placidia and Her Time

GALLA PLACIDIA AND HER TIME

I

ONE of the most solemn and impressive places in Italy, to the traveller of to-day, is the ancient city of Ravenna. Damp and chilly and silent, it looks like a city of the dead. The buildings are vast and venerable and solitary. The very gardens seem deserted. The moss grows on the stones in the streets. Of course, there are a few people coming and going, seeing after the common affairs of life, and there are some unpretentious shops and public places, where the simple needs of a frugal community may be satisfied. One is forced to admit that even in Ravenna human beings dwell, and that they earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. It is not improbable that some young people are there, that occasionally a marriage takes place, that sometimes a child is carried to the baptismal font; but the general suggestion of the place is

that of age and death. The very air seems lifeless.

In some mysterious, unaccountable way the impression of age and death is intensified by the suddenness with which a visitor comes upon that little building at the end of a street, a small structure with a dome, which he recognises as the tomb of Italy's immortal poet. Surely Dante, after the tremendous struggle of his life, rests in peace in a city so quiet as Ravenna.

Even the impression that one carries away from the small museum of art is that of death, for the most striking object in the collection, the one that imprints itself indelibly upon the memory, is a marble tomb, upon which rests the recumbent figure of a warrior in armour, the noble Guidarello Guidarelli, an illustrious citizen of Ravenna in the fifteenth century. A pathetic sculpture! Manly strength and courage and dignity brought low to the tomb; vigorous life fallen into eternal sleep.

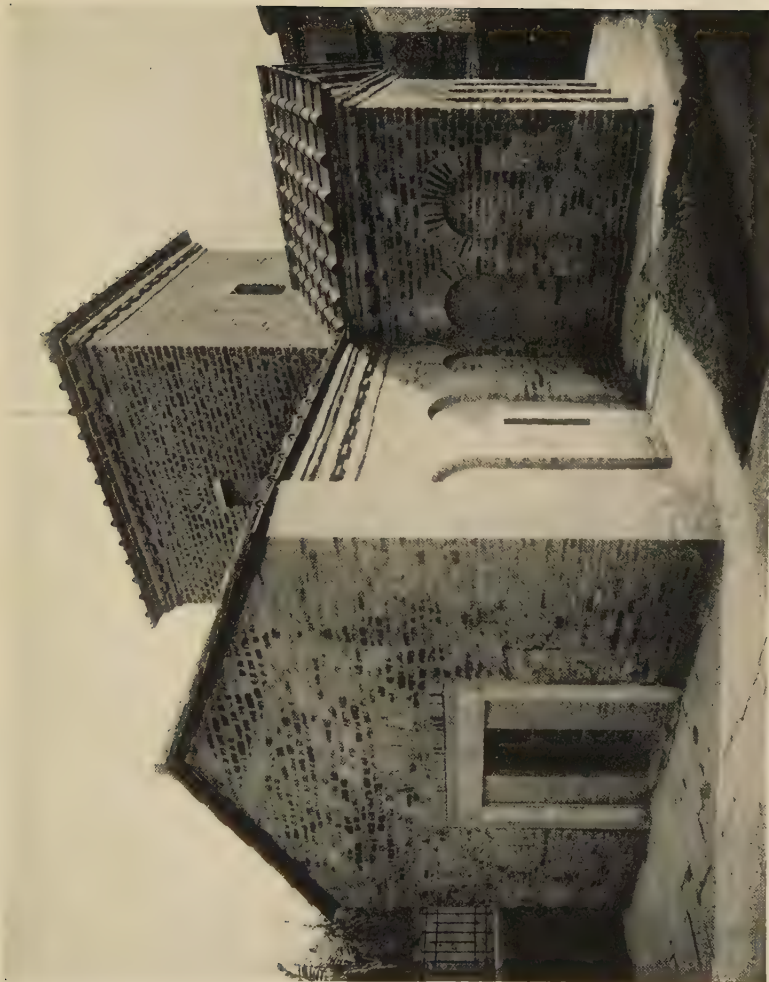
But although Ravenna offers very few suggestions regarding the life of to-day, it speaks eloquently of the life of long ago. Its historic spots are numerous, its antiquities of art and architecture are unrivalled. It is rich in noble romances

and sacred legends. It presents the second chapter in the development of Christian art, the first being in the catacombs of Rome, for Ravenna was a thoroughly Christian city in very early times. Its damp old churches contain the grandest mosaic pictures in the world; pictures so splendid that they suggest the stones of the New Jerusalem. Time has not dimmed them, and they shine to-day like lustrous jewels.

Among these venerable buildings with glorious mosaics is a little chapel standing near the old octagonal church of San Vitale, a chapel consecrated to San Nazario and San Celso, but most familiarly known as the mausoleum of Galla Placidia. It is built in the form of a Latin cross, and is not more than fifty feet long. Its exterior is not remarkable, and gives no hint of the glories within. The solemn splendour of the interior awes every beholder. The floor is of different coloured marbles, the walls, arches, and ceilings, also the small dome above the centre of the cross, are covered with mosaics,—gold, white, green, on a rich dark blue ground, arabesques, birds, sheep, sacred symbols, and human figures. As the visitor approaches the altar, which is of transparent

Oriental alabaster, he sees in each transept an immense marble sarcophagus sculptured with Christian emblems. In the place of special honour, beyond the transepts and close to the altar, is another sarcophagus, huge and plain, that of the Empress Galla Placidia, who built this mausoleum, and who died nearly fifteen hundred years ago. These three sarcophagi are notable, not only in themselves, but for the historic fact that of all the tombs given by ancient Rome to her imperial rulers these are the only ones still standing in their original place.

Among the many tourists who gaze upon the beauties of this mausoleum comparatively few know the story of the Empress Galla. There seems to be no handy record, accessible to the general reader, which unfolds this "strange, eventful history." It is only by consulting ponderous volumes about the Roman Empire and the Barbarian Invasions, and then putting them piece by piece together, that one can obtain any accurate picture of Galla Placidia. She lived in momentous times, she experienced the extremes of exaltation and humiliation, she drank the cup of joy and of sorrow to the very dregs. She pos-



The Mausoleum of Galla Placidia, founded 440, by the Empress

Photo. Alinari

sessed many essential qualities of noble womanhood, and courageously played her part in a great tragic drama.

In our own day, when such keen interest is felt regarding woman's work and position, this brief history of Galla Placidia and her time may find a welcome.

II

BY the latter half of the fourth century it had become a well-established custom for the Emperor of Rome to choose an associate and share with him the cares and responsibilities of governing the vast Empire. Each of these two rulers had a right to the title of Augustus, and each had an associate called a Cæsar. This division of power was merely a matter of custom and convenience. There was no legal, formal separation of East and West.

Although Rome was still the acknowledged capital, its splendour was already eclipsed by that of New Rome, or Constantinople, built about fifty years before this time, upon the ruins of Byzantium. In Italy the strongly fortified city of Milan¹ had become a greater favourite, as a place of imperial residence, than Rome.

The strength of the mighty Empire was already

¹With a few exceptions, the modern geographical names known to English readers are used in this narrative.

waning. Wealth and luxury, vice and tyranny, had undermined her foundations. Her population was a mixture of many people. Her government was divided among many officials. Her legions no longer consisted of native Romans, guarding the honour and glory of their country; but men of provinces gained by conquest, and paid mercenaries, and Barbarians, now bore the standards of Rome. Her legions were stationed in many distant parts of the world, and, notwithstanding the fine roads through all sections of the Empire, communication with the central power was not easy. Treachery had abundant opportunity to sow the seeds of insurrection. The powerful Barbarian hordes in central and eastern Europe, who had begun their invasions and attacks in the second century, were becoming more and more difficult to deal with. All of these causes combined to menace the stability of the Empire, and, unfortunately, when Rome had most need of strong rulers, she chanced to have weak, inefficient ones.

Christianity was the religion of the Empire, and had been so for more than half a century. Yet many persons were still Pagans at heart.

The worship in the famous temple of Vesta in the Roman Forum had not been abolished, though, of course, the devotees were less numerous and more faint-hearted. Still the hymns to the Goddess Vesta must have been heard in the neighbouring churches by Christian worshippers, though these worshippers were not yet singing hymns to the Virgin Mary. Paganism and Christianity lived many years side by side, one decreasing and waning, the other increasing and multiplying. The casual reader of history is apt to think that when Christianity was made the State religion the whole question of worship was settled at once. But the New Faith could not suddenly thrust the Old aside. There never was a time when the world lay down at night to Pagan sleep, and rose up the next morning to Christian duties.

But the Church had an element of weakness. Already it was torn asunder by violent schisms. Bitter disputes and fierce personal encounters disgraced, not the common people, but the leaders and teachers of the Church. The adherents of Arius were numerous and powerful. Indeed, the history of Christianity in the third and fourth centuries is filled with the theological discussions

of the Arians, the Donatists, the Manichæans, the Nestorians, in addition to the Gnostics and the Neo-Platonists. These dissensions raged fiercely in the eastern part of the Empire, Constantinople and Alexandria being hotbeds of strife. Yet the Church was not lacking in eloquent and holy supporters and teachers, and the Church Fathers of this period are revered in the Church of to-day.

III

SUCH was the state of affairs when, in the year 379, the young Emperor Gratian took as his associate Theodosius, an experienced soldier and leader from Spain. He had seen service with his father, Theodosius, in various provinces, even in distant Britain. The elder Theodosius was a general of such ability and renown that the former Emperor, becoming jealous of him, basely caused him to be executed. Now the son of that Emperor summoned the younger Theodosius to share the imperial power, showing by this choice unusual confidence in the integrity and loyalty of the younger general.

Theodosius assumed charge of affairs in the far East, where the Barbarians had lately been extremely troublesome and signally victorious. Though Constantinople was the place of imperial residence, Theodosius made his headquarters at Thessalonica. He strengthened the fortresses,

and restored the courage of the disheartened troops by prudent, politic measures, which weakened the confidence of the Barbarians. Within four years he reduced the East to a condition of comparative tranquillity.

Meanwhile, in the West, rebellion and treachery worked havoc. Gratian was murdered in Gaul; his youthful half-brother, Valentinian II., already established in power in Italy, had a brief and troubled reign, and then was compelled to flee from a usurper. With his mother and sisters, he fled to the distant East, to the city of Thessalonica, and appealed to Theodosius for help.

At the time of the murder of Gratian a peculiar chain of circumstances had shown to Theodosius the wisdom of remaining inactive. But when the personal appeal was made to him, he could no longer stifle his feeling of indignation and his desire for vengeance. Responding to the entreaties of the stricken family, Theodosius changed the current of events. He concentrated his troops, made a series of rapid and successful marches, conquered the forces of the usurper, had him executed, and restored Valentinian to the throne.

Meantime, a gleam of peaceful romance lights

up the troubled and gloomy scene. Theodosius, who was a widower with two boys, took for his second wife Galla, the youngest sister of Valentinian.

The power of Valentinian was not great, and three years later he was dethroned and slain. Theodosius and his young wife at Constantinople heard, in due time, of the atrocious murder, and Galla plead for vengeance upon the enemies of her family. She begged Theodosius to depose Eugenius, the present wearer of the purple, who was not only a usurper but a Pagan, a worshipper of the old gods.

Theodosius made preparations for war, preparations of such an extensive character that considerable time was required for them. When he was ready to start on his campaign a domestic affliction threw a shadow upon the undertaking. The Empress Galla died suddenly, leaving a little daughter five or six years old, whose name was Galla Placidia.

Theodosius delayed his departure no longer than was necessary for a decent observance of the funeral ceremonies. His time of mourning had to be brief. Two or three years before this he had

erected a church in Constantinople, in honour of St. John the Baptist, and perhaps to commemorate his own recent baptism. Now, in that sanctuary, he attended a solemn service, placed his army under the protection of the Saint, and departed at the head of his troops. He left his eldest son, Arcadius, already his associate, in charge of affairs in the East.

It was a mighty army that moved northward with Theodosius; Roman soldiers, reinforced by thousands of Barbarian auxiliaries, among whom was a young chieftain named Alaric. We shall hear of him again. On they went, northward to the Danube, then westward; over mountain passes, through valleys, westward toward what is now the city of Trieste, in Austria. There, in September, 394, on the summit of a pass in the Julian Alps, Theodosius halted. Eugenius and his forces were in the valley.

The stake was a mighty one; the East against the West, the strong general and Emperor against the weak, trifling usurper, who, nevertheless, had rugged warriors in his ranks.

A terrible battle began, which was not decided by nightfall, though more than ten thousand were

slain in the army of Theodosius. Eugenius and his companions, certain of ultimate victory, revelled all night, and his troops followed the example of their leader. Theodosius, sore at heart, much in doubt about the end of the conflict, prayed earnestly.

The prayerful struggle and the elevating emotions of Theodosius were not unfruitful. He had a vision. He seemed to see two men in white garments, riding on white steeds, who comforted and encouraged him. They were not the Pagan gods, Castor and Pollux, the twin horsemen, who in earlier ages had led the Romans to victory. By some intuition or some sign, Theodosius believed them to be two apostles, St. Philip and St. John. They inspired him with confidence, and in the morning he renewed the battle, with hope born of the prayer and vision.

Again the struggle was terrible. But a furious storm-wind arose and blew into the faces of the enemy, thereby giving the victory to Theodosius. Eugenius lost his life at the hands of a common soldier. His troops, probably actuated by mingled feelings of consternation at their plight, admiration for the victor, and a desire to be on his

side, went over to the ranks of Theodosius. The victory was complete.

Theodosius, now master of the Roman world, did not return to Constantinople, but pushed forward into Italy and went to Milan, at that time one of the largest and best fortified places in the Empire. There he was taken ill. His condition soon became serious, and he sent to Constantinople for his second son, Honorius. The lad, a boy of eleven, was brought to Milan by Serena, the niece of the Emperor and wife of his greatest general, Stilicho.

Theodosius then made his will, leaving the Empire to his two sons. Arcadius was to have the East, Honorius the West. The active administration of affairs he left to Stilicho and a weak, unscrupulous general named Rufinus.

Soon after completing the arrangements for his succession, in January or February, 395, less than six months after his great victory, in the fiftieth year of his age, Theodosius died.

According to some of the old records, the latter part of his life was not irreproachable, yet he wielded the sceptre firmly and vigorously for sixteen years. He kept the Barbarian hordes in

check, not only by force of arms, but by prudent policy and conciliatory measures. He zealously upheld the Christian faith, and did much for its establishment. Under his auspices the second great Council of the Church was convened, at Constantinople, when important Catholic edicts were formulated and promulgated. He caused the Pagan altar of Victory to be removed from the Senate Hall in Rome, and abolished the worship of Vesta. He was indeed the last strong ruler of the Roman Empire, and historians have been pleased to style him, Theodosius the Great.

IV

THERE is one hideous, ineffaceable blot upon the character of Theodosius. The city of Milan, the place of his death, is indissolubly associated with the most dramatic episode of his life, which was also one of the most significant incidents in the history of the Church.

When he had been in power about ten years there was an insurrection in the city of Thessalonica, caused by an indiscreet or unwise act on the part of the governor, who was slain during the uprising. Theodosius was absent at the time, and perhaps the matter was not reported to him correctly, still it seems as if nothing could excuse the cruelty of his conduct toward the people of Thessalonica. He ordered a general massacre of the inhabitants, and thousands of innocent men, women, and children were slain in the streets of the city, the city where he had so often resided, and where he must have had many friends. He had even a more sacred association with the place,

for there he had received his baptism a few years earlier.

But the Emperor paid a penalty for his horrid cruelty. Proud wearer of the purple as he was, one man lived who dared reproach him for his crime. That man was Bishop Ambrose, one of the shining lights of the Catholic Church.

He was the son of a Roman governor, and was himself made governor of the province of which Milan was the capital, for he had not been educated for the priesthood. He soon became noted for the goodness of his administration of civil affairs, and also for the purity of his life. In the year 374, the Bishop of Milan having died, there was a bitter contention as to his successor. The Arians as well as the Orthodox Catholics had a candidate. Ambrose, as governor, entered the church where the episcopal selection was to be made, with troops to quell the tumult that seemed inevitable. But history records that no force was needed. Ambrose quieted the assembly by eloquent words. While the great question was still undecided, the voice of a child resounded through the church, 'Ambrose bishop.' The multitude were electrified, as by a supernatural omen. They

responded instantly to the strange suggestion. A hundred voices took up the cry, "Ambrose shall be Bishop." He protested, the people insisted. His objections were overcome, and he consented to accept the episcopal office. He was baptised, and eight days afterward he was consecrated Bishop.

The Church never had reason to regret this hasty choice. Bishop Ambrose became famous for his learning, his eloquence, his devotion. His name travelled far and wide. He was renowned even among the Barbarians. A story is told of a powerful Frankish warrior who, overcome by a Roman soldier, asked him, "Are you a friend of Ambrose?" "I am," answered the Roman. "Then," said the Frank, "I do not wonder that you have conquered me, if you are a friend of that great man." Amazing stories were circulated as to the Bishop's miraculous powers. Some of these stories seem absurd enough, but the fact that they were circulated and believed is significant of the man and the time.

One of the doctrines that he taught with unremitting zeal was that of the supremacy of the Church. He introduced new dignity and splen-

dour to her services; and established a new style of music, known afterward as the Ambrosian chant. He built in Milan his great basilica, dedicating it to All Saints, but after his death it received his name. The historic church that now stands on the site of his venerable structure dates from the twelfth century, and is thought to resemble the original building.

It is certainly one of the most interesting churches in Italy, unique and beautiful, possessing many artistic treasures. The heavy front doors contain some precious panels of cypress wood, which are said to be the relics of older doors belonging to a neighbouring church, and brought here as the most appropriate place for their preservation when the other church was demolished. These venerable panels belong to historic doors that are closely connected with a dramatic struggle between St. Ambrose and Theodosius.

When the Emperor was in Milan a few months after the horrible massacre at Thessalonica, he set forth with his retinue to attend Mass in one of the basilicas. Bishop Ambrose, who had previously forbidden him to approach a church altar or to receive the Sacrament, went forth at the

head of a band of priests and monks to arrest his progress. He denounced the Emperor as a murderer, and forbade him to enter the church. When Theodosius made some show of resistance the massive doors were closed against him. Months passed away, during which the Emperor made attempts to be reconciled with the Church, but the Bishop would not relax the severity of his terms. At last Theodosius yielded. He signed a decree, written by the Bishop, that thereafter an interval of thirty days should elapse between a sentence of death and the execution. Then, in abject humiliation, he did public penance in the basilica.

We may well believe that this memorable occasion was full of spectacular effects. It is easy to imagine the solemn interior of the sacred edifice, the thronging multitude, the Bishop in his robes, his vested attendants, the retinue of the Emperor, and the Emperor himself, not now as the imperial ruler, or the intrepid leader of armies, but a penitent, clothed in sackcloth, with dust and ashes on his head, prostrate before the altar, where he had placed a gift, and chanting that long, wonderful psalm, which teaches, with persistent iteration, obedience to the law of the Lord.

How appropriate some of the verses must have seemed to Theodosius! How emphatic the words descriptive of the sorrowful condition of those who depart from the law! How striking the pathos and perfect beauty of the simile at the close of the mighty psalm!

“Blessed are the undefiled in the way: who walk in the law of the Lord.

“By what doth a young man correct his way?
By observing thy words.

“Thou hast rebuked the proud; they who decline from thy commandments.

“I have seen an end of all perfection; thy commandment is exceedingly broad.

“I have been humbled, O Lord, exceedingly; quicken thou me according to thy word.

“I am thy servant; give me understanding, that I may know thy testimonies.

“Trouble and anguish have found me: thy commandments are my meditation.

"See my humiliation and deliver me: for I have not forgotten thy law.'

"I have gone astray like a sheep that is lost: seek thy servant, because I have not forgotten thy commandments."

This penitential ceremony was truly an influential object-lesson, teaching the doctrine of the supremacy of the spiritual power over the temporal, the Church over the State; a lesson that was many times repeated in the succeeding ages.

Bishop Ambrose survived the Emperor about two years, dying in the fiftieth year of his age. It was said that in his last illness Christ visited him. He became the patron saint of Milan, and the seventh of December, the anniversary of his episcopal consecration, is still sacred to his memory. His tomb may now be seen in Milan, in the crypt of the church known to all the world as San Ambrogio Maggiore. The great library of rare volumes established in the city three centuries ago bears his name. He is regarded as one of the Fathers of the Latin or Western branch of the Catholic Church, and is represented in many pictures and sculptures.

In reviewing his life and work it seems that no other act shows more clearly his loftiness of purpose, his sincerity, his courage, his sense of justice and mercy, than his punishment of the Emperor Theodosius.

V

MIGHTY changes followed the death of Theodosius and the division of power between Arcadius and Honorius. There was no intimacy between the brothers, no friendship. Jealousy, suspicion, and court intrigue played their dastardly parts. Added to this state of affairs at court, were the jealousy and intrigue between the soldiers of Stilicho and Rufinus, the two men appointed to administer for Arcadius and Honorius. These troubles culminated in the murder of Rufinus by the soldiers of Stilicho.

The Barbarians soon realised that the strong power which had kept them in bounds was relaxed, and they took advantage of the situation. The term "Barbarian" must not be misunderstood. It did not necessarily mean savage or uncivilised. With the ancient Greeks it meant any one not a Greek. With the Romans it meant one beyond the Roman Empire, especially one of the nations in central and northern Europe. These central

and northern people were of various degrees of civilisation. Those nearest the Roman frontiers had acquired many of the arts and manners of Roman life. Christian missionaries had gone among them and converted many. Hundreds of them served in the Roman army, and had received lands, titles, and positions from Rome. Loving activity and warfare, they despised the effeminate, luxurious Romans of that time, but they respected the majesty of the Empire and the name of Emperor.]

The Eastern part of the Empire had been often harassed by them. The Western part had been troubled everywhere except Britain. Which would yield first to these hordes of strong warriors? Which would be engulfed first by the tidal wave of barbarism? Of the two capitals, Rome was the easier prey, by reason of its situation; thirty miles from the sea, with a low flat plain for miles around it. Nature herself made Constantinople a stronghold; easily fortified and defended, built on hills commanding a fine, sheltered harbour.

The time now seemed ripe for a more determined effort on the part of the powerful Barbarian people called the Goths. To speak with exactness, they

should be called the Visigoths, the name indicating Western Goths, those in the neighbourhood of the Danube River. But for the purposes of this narrative, the general appellation of Goths will be satisfactory. They felt that they had just cause for complaint, as the subsidies due to them, according to former treaties, were no longer paid.

A leader was at hand, strong, ruthless, experienced, determined. This leader was Alaric, who had been among the soldiers of Theodosius when he fought against Eugenius. His very name was potent, for in the Gothic tongue it was "*Ala-Reiks*," *all ruler*.

The Goths first visited their wrath upon the Eastern part of the Empire, devastating a large part of it. They were eventually repulsed by the troops of Stilicho, and bought off by the Emperor Arcadius. Then they turned to the West.

Within five years after the death of Theodosius, Alaric was in Italy, with a nation of warriors under his command, and urged by some irresistible mysterious influence to push on to Rome.

Great was the consternation in the Metropolis at rumours of the approaching host! Many wealthy citizens sent away their valuables to

Sicily and the provinces in Africa. Superstition transformed every trifling or ordinary occurrence into an awful omen. There seemed to be many supernatural portents: dreams, terrible storms, a blazing comet. The people that had not accepted the Christian religion bewailed the banishment of the old gods. The Christians pleaded for the intercession of the saints.

The details of the struggle need not be related here. The Goths were encountered by Stilicho and his troops, and several battles were fought with no decided results. Finally, the Romans claimed a victory, the Emperor Honorius paid Alaric a large sum of money, and the Goths left Italy.

So great was the feeling of relief that Honorius thought it wise to celebrate a triumph. He repaired to Rome with Stilicho, to attract and entertain the people with a triumphal procession and other shows. As has been already stated, Rome had ceased to be a place of imperial residence. The splendid palaces on the Palatine Hill stood most of the time silent and deserted. The Senate still convened at Rome, but its power and importance had long since passed away. The real capital was where the Emperor resided,

at Milan. During the entire fourth century Rome had seen an Emperor only three times. Consequently, in these opening years of the fifth century, the people were enthusiastic about the triumphal display of Honorius.

The chariots wound through the principal streets of the city, and through the Forum. In one of them sat Honorius, smiling and resplendent, with Stilicho beside him. In the next chariot was the Empress Maria, a daughter of Stilicho, with her brother. Some of the ancient ceremonials were dispensed with, but still the celebration was notable. The Palatine Hill became alive again. The Emperor remained several months. He distributed gifts, and sought to make friends with the people, the clergy, and the Senate.

Of course, one of the entertainments of the occasion was an exhibition of gladiators in the Flavian Amphitheatre, as the Colosseum was then called. This exhibition is worthy of special mention, because it was the last of its kind. During the combats a most thrilling incident occurred. An Oriental monk among the spectators was so filled with horror at the contemplation of the bloodshed and the thought of the brutality, that

he rushed down into the arena and besought the people to put an end to such scenes. The spectators, indignant at the interruption, stoned him to death. But so strong was the revulsion of feeling afterward, that Honorius became convinced that these sports were no longer desirable, and he abolished them throughout the Roman Empire. From time to time, after that, for about a hundred years, wild beasts—but no human beings—fought in the amphitheatre, so difficult it was to suppress the natural bloodthirstiness of the people.

Honorius had never displayed any courage in time of danger, and, having suffered serious frights when the Goths were in Italy, he now determined to seek a secure refuge. He chose the city of Ravenna, originally on the shore of the Adriatic, but at that time, by the retreat of the sea and the shifting of sands, about four miles from the coast. In the time of the Emperor Augustus, four hundred years earlier, Ravenna had a commodious harbour, Classis, and was the seat of a vast naval establishment. But in the time of Honorius there were orchards and a great grove of pine trees between Ravenna and the Adriatic. Moreover, the water

was shallow there, so no large fleet could approach. The surrounding country for miles was a deep morass. No hostile troops could steal upon a place cut off by nature from the rest of Italy. The secure retreat appealed strongly to the cowardly, irresponsible Emperor. He proceeded to establish himself there, and thus Ravenna became, practically, the capital of the Roman Empire.

In this safe refuge Honorius evinced little concern when another horde of Barbarians bore down upon Italy; a mighty host, two hundred thousand strong. These were the North Germans—Pagans, and savages in comparison with the Goths. Many cities were destroyed. Florence endured a frightful siege, but was at last relieved by Stilicho, who again delivered the country from the fierce foe, and saved Italy. But the conduct of Stilicho at this time toward his fallen enemy was marked by a cruelty that detracts from the glory of the victory.

Since the death of Theodosius, Stilicho had been indeed the prop of the Empire. But now subtle, insidious forces were at work to undermine his popularity. Honorius was jealous of him, and there were voices at Ravenna that did not fail to

encourage the imperial moods. Arcadius, Emperor of the East, died in 408, and was succeeded by his son, Theodosius II., a mere boy. At Ravenna there were insinuations that Stilicho was trying to secure control of the young heir, and Honorius believed the reports. Stilicho went to Ravenna, doubtless to explain in person to the Emperor. Honorius, with basest ingratitude, refused to see him, signed a paper against him, and Stilicho was treacherously slain.

The Empress Maria had died some time before, but another daughter of Stilicho was at this time the wife of Honorius. Now she was sent back to her mother, and the young son of Stilicho met death in a suspicious manner. The weakness, ingratitude, and cowardice shown by Honorius in connection with this family are most execrable.

There had been some rumours about the religion of Stilicho's family. Apparently they were Christians, but the Christians said that the son of Stilicho was in favour of restoring the Pagan religion. The Pagans disliked the family because, some years before, when Serena, the wife of Stilicho, visited Rome, she took a pearl necklace from a statue of Rhea, mother of the gods. The last of

the Vestal Virgins saw the impious act, and prayed the goddess to send misfortune upon the offender.

After disposing of the family, the Emperor, influenced by foolish advisers, made new laws against heretics and Pagans, forbidding any one not a Catholic to hold any office of State. He also deprived the Pagan religion of all its temporal possessions.

These new laws brought disaster. Honorius lost the support of many of his bravest officers, who were either Pagans or Arians. Finally, the senseless cruelty shown to the Barbarian families in Italy caused a revolt of the Goths in the Roman army. They joined the forces of Alaric, who immediately invaded Italy to take vengeance. Italy soon had cause to mourn for the folly of the Emperor.

An ancient chronicler records a dramatic episode in the march of Alaric toward Rome. A man clothed as a monk suddenly appeared at Alaric's tent, and implored him to turn back. But Alaric answered: "I am impelled to this course in spite of myself, for something within urges me every day irresistibly onward, saying, 'Proceed to Rome and make that city desolate.'"

Alaric led his forces with great confidence and enthusiasm, and, in the autumn of the year 408, encamped under the very walls of Rome. Those venerable walls had not been surrounded by a foreign host for more than six hundred years; not since the time when Hannibal led his Carthaginian troops to the very gates, but retired without making an attack. The citizens were stunned with surprise at the boldness of the Goths, but soon their real sufferings began.

Alaric arranged his troops to command all the principal gates, and guarded the Tiber, so that no provisions could reach the city from any quarter. Famine and sickness began their awful work. To alleviate the misery of the poor, the rich and generous gave up all that they had. At last the nobles and Senators themselves experienced the pangs of hunger. There is good reason to believe that murders were committed, in order that human flesh might be eaten by starving wretches. Houses and streets became places of horror, because of the unburied dead, the burial-places outside the walls not being available on account of the presence of the enemy. Plague claimed the victims that had been spared by famine.

During the first excitement of the siege the fears of the people led them to take a most ignoble and cowardly course. The bereaved Serena, the widow of Stilicho, was in Rome. The people, knowing that she had suffered grievous affliction, believed that she would take the first opportunity for revenge and open the gates to the enemy. They circulated a report that she was in treasonable communication with Alaric. The Senators gave credence to the report, and, without any real accusation or form of trial, condemned Serena to be strangled. The whole official force of the city could not guard one suspected woman.

There seems to have been a superstition that relief would come as soon as Serena was executed. But finding no change in the condition, the propriety of gaining power over the besiegers by returning to Pagan spells and sacrifices was earnestly discussed. Pope Innocent I. was bitterly distressed, between his horror of the Pagan suggestion and his desire to save the city. But the Senate would not sanction the sacrilegious act.

The situation might well have appalled the hearts of Senators, even had they possessed the vigour and courage of the earlier ages. No help

came from the imperial court at Ravenna. As a last resource, ambassadors were appointed to treat with Alaric. The determined Barbarian, conscious of his strength, and contemptuous of the pusillanimous, enervated Romans, demanded enormous treasures as the price of his withdrawal: gold, silver, and slaves. Appalled by the magnitude of the demand, the ambassadors said to Alaric, "What shall we have left?" "Your souls," was his reckless, laconic answer. After further parley, Alaric agreed to withdraw his army upon the payment of "five thousand pounds of gold, thirty thousand pounds of silver, four thousand silken tunics, three thousand hides dyed scarlet, and three thousand pounds of pepper."

As the wealth of the citizens was already much diminished, they now stripped the images and shrines of their ornaments, and melted the public statues, thus utterly destroying the Pagan relics that had been left intact.

Alaric withdrew his troops, and went into winter quarters in the north of Italy.

He had frequently expressed his readiness to serve the Empire, but he wanted to make terms with Honorius, and to secure recognition of his

services as a commander. Honorius was too foolish, too impolitic to see the advisability of treating with him and winning his assistance. Alaric became indignant because the Emperor ignored him, and, consequently, he began a second siege of Rome, hoping by this course to bring Honorius to terms.

The citizens, not knowing where to look for help, renounced their allegiance to Honorius, and accepted the prefect Attalus as their ruler. He made some satisfactory terms with Alaric, and there were a few months of comparative prosperity in Rome. Honorius, at Ravenna, trembled at every sound, fearing that even the officials of his palace would throw off their allegiance to him.

The usurping Attalus was trifling and incompetent, and failed to keep his promises. Therefore he was publicly despoiled of his imperial vestments, and Rome returned to her allegiance to Honorius.

Again Alaric tried to negotiate with Honorius. Again he failed to get any satisfaction. Then the determined leader of the Goths, in August, 410 A.D., began his third and last siege of the "Mistress of the World."

The Senate prepared some feeble means of

resistance, but had no time to carry any plans into effect. There were in the city many slaves and domestics friendly to the Barbarian cause, and there is reason for thinking that they treacherously opened a gate for the enemy. However this may be, the Goths burst through the Salarian Gate, near the Pincian Hill, at midnight, and roused the city with their trumpets. The proud "Mistress of the World" was in the grasp of the Barbarian.

Eight hundred years had passed since the seven hills had echoed to the tread of a Barbarian host, when the Gauls, under their fierce leader Brennus, with his terrible cry, "Woe to the vanquished," had pillaged and burned Rome. Four centuries before the Christian Era, and four centuries after it, the wheel of fortune brought a Barbarian army within the walls of the Eternal City.

Alaric, showing no desire for the wholesale destruction that had characterised Brennus, issued a proclamation restricting the license of his soldiers. He allowed them to enrich themselves with the spoils, but forbade the murder of peaceful citizens, and he set aside the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul as places of refuge.

Many of his troops were, like himself, Christians;

but vast numbers of them were Pagans, and probably felt no scruples about disobeying Alaric's commands for moderation. Then, too, the thousands of slaves that were set free in the city would naturally give way to their long pent up desires for vengeance. Doubtless there were many ferocious murders; surely there was much inhuman treatment. Still the dark history of the time is lightened by signal acts of Gothic clemency, and of Christian piety, courage, and resignation.

Though the pillage was complete, the destruction serious, and there were scenes of horror, and though the word "Goth" seems to us synonymous for plunder and inhumanity, yet Rome suffered the most extreme violence that she ever knew more than a thousand years later, at the hands of a Catholic army sent by a Catholic Emperor against the Pope.

The Gothic pillage continued for six days. Then, with the army waggons loaded with the spoils of the city, Alaric withdrew his troops, leading them southward.

The condition of the citizens of Rome was indeed pitiable. They were reduced to beggary, many were fugitives, hundreds were captives held for

ransom. When the news spread abroad, the civilised world stood aghast at the calamity. That the Roman power should be thus humiliated, that the Metropolis should be so desecrated, was incredible. The end of the world seemed near. Two famous paragraphs from ecclesiastical literature may well be quoted here. The holy hermit, Jerome, in his cell at Bethlehem, wrote:

“Who could believe that Rome, which was built of the spoils of the whole earth, would fall, that the city could, at the same time, be the cradle and grave of her people, that all the coasts of Asia, Egypt, and Africa should be filled with the slaves and maidens of Rome? that holy Bethlehem should daily receive as beggars, men and women who formerly were conspicuous for their wealth and luxury?”

Bishop Augustine, the profound theologian at Hippo, in Africa, wrote:

“Rome, meanwhile, by the invasion of the Goths, under their king Alaric, was overthrown with the crash of a mighty slaughter. This overthrow, the worshippers of many and false gods (whom we are accustomed to call Pagans) endeavoured to connect with the Christian religion,

and accordingly they began to blaspheme the name of the true God with even more than their usual bitterness. Wherefore I, inflamed with zeal for the Lord's house, determined to write a treatise on the City of God."

It is regarded as a wonderful instance of moderation on the part of a conqueror that Alaric withdrew his forces after six days. They went southward, probably bound for Sicily or Africa. In the southern part of Italy, however, their progress was stayed by an irresistible foe, Death. Alaric was seized with a sudden, violent illness, which proved fatal. His grief-stricken soldiers compelled some prisoners to divert the course of the little river Busento, and in the bed of it they laid the body of their glorious chief. The river was then turned back to its regular channel, to cover the new-made grave, and the prisoners were put to death, so that they could never reveal to the Romans the burial-place of "Ala-Reiks."

Strong, brave, prudent, ambitious, often unsuccessful, yet not easily discouraged and always resourceful; superstitious, religious,—Alaric wrote an indelible page upon the history of the world.

VI

THROUGH these shifting scenes affording glimpses of the reigns of Theodosius and Honorius, we have come to Galla Placidia. She has been already mentioned as the little daughter left in Constantinople by Theodosius when he set forth upon his memorable campaign. In the splendid city of Constantinople, in her early childhood, occurred the first dramatic events of her life,—the death of her mother, the departure of her father with his army. Young as she was, these events must have impressed themselves upon her memory. Sorrow, death, war, were her earliest experiences. If her mother had given her the name of "Placidia" in token of the peace brought to the family by Theodosius, the name was ill-suited to the fortunes of her life, and must often have seemed bitterly ironical.

Her girlhood years were undoubtedly passed under the guardianship of Serena, at Constantinople and Rome. She received the education

due to a Roman Princess at that time, which, of course, included both Latin and Greek, though no mention seems to be made by the old writers of any unusual display of learning on the part of Galla.

For some reason not known to history, Galla did not go with her half-brother, Honorius, to Ravenna, when he established himself in that retreat, but remained in Rome. And there she was when the Goths first laid siege to that city, and when the Senate put the helpless Serena to death. Whether Galla could have prevented this dastardly execution or not, cannot be known with certainty. It is entirely probable that she had no affection for this relative and guardian, and perhaps she believed the accusations. She was not more than twenty years of age; her mother's brother and half-brother had been slain while wearing the purple; there had been numerous plots and counter-plots at the courts of Arcadius and Honorius; good men, as well as bad, had been treacherously slain, so it is not strange that her suspicions could be easily aroused. It must be observed, also, that though she may have had influence with the Senate, she had no real power

or authority of any kind, nor was there reason to think that she ever would have.

During one of the three Gothic sieges of Rome Galla was taken prisoner. She was treated with deference, in a manner befitting her imperial rank, and was evidently looked upon as a hostage of greatest importance. She was taken from place to place with the army, and must have had ample opportunity to become acquainted with Gothic chiefs. She probably used her woman's wit in contrasting their splendid vigour with the weakness of her nearest kinsmen, the two Emperors.

After the death of Alaric the Goths raised his brother-in-law, Atalfus, upon the shield, thus proclaiming him their king. His Gothic name means "Father Wolf," like the modern Adolph, or Adolphus. Animated by a spirit akin to that of Alaric, and carrying out his policy, Atalfus desired the friendship of the Romans. His words upon this subject have been preserved to this day. In a memorable interview with a messenger Atalfus said: "It was at first my wish to destroy the Roman name, and erect in its place a Gothic empire, taking to myself the place and the powers of Cæsar Augustus. But when experience taught

me that the untamable barbarism of the Goths would not suffer them to live beneath the sway of law, and that the abolition of the institutions on which the State rested would involve the ruin of the State itself, I chose the glory of renewing and maintaining by Gothic strength the fame of Rome, desiring to go down to posterity as the restorer of that Roman power which it was beyond my power to replace. Wherefore I avoid war and strive for peace."

The Emperor still evaded the demands of Atalfus, and Atalfus held Galla Placidia. More than that, he courted this Princess of Rome, and won her favour. Thereupon, he requested Honorius to consent to his marriage with Galla.

The Emperor deemed it arrogance on the part of a Barbarian chief to seek alliance with a Princess of Rome, and was inclined to give Galla in marriage to Constantius, his new adviser, a general who had lately become conspicuous and wealthy by a successful campaign in Africa. But Atalfus had the advantage of having Galla in his possession, and of having already won her favour. After a long interval negotiations were concluded with Honorius, and Atalfus arranged

for a splendid public celebration of his nuptial feast.

There is no record as to the date of the actual marriage ceremony, but the public celebration took place in January, 414, in a splendid house in the city of Narbonne, in the province of Gaul, to which province the Goths had withdrawn after leaving Italy. At that time an Arian bishop was chaplain of the Gothic army, and doubtless he officiated at the marriage of Galla Placidia, Princess of Rome, to Atalfus, King of the Goths.

Truly, a romantic experience for Galla! About twenty-five years old, motherless and fatherless since childhood, reared amid the surroundings of two courts, Constantinople and Rome, her half-brothers Emperors, though tools in the hands of their intimates; herself for four years a nominal prisoner in the Gothic army.

Atalfus was a widower, of suitable age for Galla; he had wealth, and was the King of his people. The old records say that he was tall and handsome, and his actions show that he possessed the qualities of real manhood.

The wedding was celebrated with pomp and splendour. There are records of the presents

bestowed by Atalfus upon his bride,—a retinue of slaves bearing a hundred basins of gold and precious stones. Did Galla realise that they were the spoils of her own nation?

It is also recorded that Atalfus, on this occasion, laid aside his battle-axe and his ordinary dress of furs, and wore a tunic of fine wool, after the fashion of a Roman gentleman. There seems to be no mention of Galla's costume, so we are at liberty to picture her in the apparel appropriate to her wealth and position. We may fancy her clothed in a white silk "*stola*" which was an ample outer garment falling to the feet, and held in place by a girdle at waist or bosom; over this a short sleeveless tunic, embroidered, and clasped on each shoulder with jewels; a "*palla*" or mantle of golden tissue, thrown across her left shoulder and around her figure, and fastened here and there with precious ornaments; her hair held in place by a jewelled net; her head half covered by a filmy golden mantle or veil. She probably held in her hand a "*sudarium*," a piece of embroidered stuff, the prototype of the modern handkerchief. She may also have toyed with the fashionable amber ball, which, when warmed by the hands, emitted

a delightful perfume. We may be certain that she had resplendent jewels in necklace, armlets, and earrings, and was not lacking in any of the delicate toilet refinements always cherished by women.

Atalfus and Galla took up their residence in Spain, where the Goths had established a kingdom, having been gradually driven from Gaul across the Pyrenees by the Romans. Their royal palace was near Barcelona, and there is every reason for thinking that the Gothic King and the Roman Princess lived in great splendour and enjoyed much happiness.

But their happiness was of short duration. In the second year of their wedded life they had a great sorrow in the loss of their infant son, Theodosius. This grief was but the forerunner of calamities in store for Galla. Soon after the death of the child, Atalfus was treacherously murdered by a servant formerly in the employ of an enemy who had been conquered by Atalfus. In his dying moments he took thought for Galla's future, and urged his brother to restore her to Honorius.

The successor to Atalfus was Singeric, who had long been hostile to him and jealous of him, and

who was probably the instigator of the murder. When really secure in power, he carried out his diabolical schemes boldly. Galla's step-children, the children of Atalfus and his first wife, were put to death, and Galla herself was loaded with chains and thrust from the royal palace. Thus fettered, she was compelled by the insulting, vindictive Singeric to walk before his horse, in a long procession going out of Barcelona as far as the twelfth milestone. From certain distinctive words used in the old Latin narrative of this event, it seems probable that this was actually the funeral procession of Atalfus. If so, how keen must have been her distress! Grief for the loss of her husband, the experience of treachery and cruelty, concern for her personal safety, the bitterness of the present undeserved humiliation, made her plight pitiable indeed.

But the Goths would not endure the reign of Singeric, and he was slain after seven days. Then Wallia was raised upon the shield, and proved himself worthy to be the successor of his friend Atalfus. He arranged to restore Galla to the Romans, and sent a suitable escort to conduct her to the foot of the Pyrenees. There she was met with greatest

ceremony by soldiers led by Constantius, the favourite general of Honorius. According to a previous treaty, the Romans delivered to the Goths six hundred thousand measures of wheat, and received in return the Roman Princess. Galla was conducted to Ravenna, and a period of comparative quiet followed this treaty between Goths and Romans.

Galla was not permitted to mourn long for Atalfus. Strongly urged, perhaps compelled, by Honorius, she at last consented to look with favour upon the suit of Constantius, and in the year 417, three years after her first marriage, she became his wife. There is no record of this wedding feast, but it must have been celebrated at Ravenna.

Two children were born to Galla and Constantius. The first was a daughter, whom they named Honoria, in honour of the Emperor; and afterward a son, whom they named Valentinian, in memory of Galla's maternal great-grandfather.

Four years after his marriage, Constantius was chosen by Honorius as his associate in power, and Galla assumed the title of Augusta, which was practically equal to that of Empress. But the new associate was not welcomed by the court of

Constantinople, and there was much ill-feeling between the imperial families. Constantius, though a successful general and true to Honorius, seems never to have been an attractive person. Imperial dignity and increased power did not rest well upon him. He was ill at ease, and evidently felt himself unsuited to his position. He became depressed, then seriously ill, and in less than a year after receiving his new title, he died at Ravenna.

Probably Galla, in her secret heart, had often contrasted Constantius with Atalfus, greatly to the disadvantage of the former. Yet doubtless she found some pleasure in her life at the imperial court, and felt a satisfaction in her imperial title. But after the death of Constantius, the position of Galla and her children at Ravenna was not an enviable one. Galla had no real power. Her views were often at variance with those of Honorius, who seemed to grow more and more incompetent to rule. There were frequent quarrels between their attendants, and at last the situation became so unbearable that Galla, with a creditable spirit of womanly dignity and independence, departed with her children from Italy. There

was but one place for her to go. She sought the friendship and protection of her young nephew, Theodosius II., at Constantinople.

When these exiles reached Constantinople the city was gay with festivities in honour of a victory, and also in honour of the recent marriage of the young Emperor. Galla and her children were welcomed with kindness, though Galla did not receive her title of Augusta, as her husband had never been recognised as the Cæsar by the Eastern court. Their presence put an end to the estrangement that had existed between the two courts for a quarter of a century. Galla must have had a large share of tact and real personal charm to win the friendship and co-operation of Theodosius, at the time when she was an uninvited and unexpected guest.

Theodosius II. was a youth of twenty years of age, with no great strength of character, and no ability as a ruler. His parents had died in his early boyhood. His mother, a beautiful, crafty, unscrupulous woman, had been notorious for her persecution of John of Antioch, known for his eloquence as "Chrysostom," the Golden Mouth. His father, Arcadius, had been a ruler about as

efficient as Honorius, though with a much briefer reign. But Theodosius II., at the time of Galla's appearance, was largely under the influence of two notable women, his sister and his bride.

The sister, Pulcheria, was the real ruler of the East. She had governed during the minority of her brother, though only two years his senior, while she was but sixteen, and was one of his teachers. After he was invested with the imperial robes, Pulcheria continued to be the real power behind the throne, and even bore the title of Augusta. Her administration was gentle and prosperous. She was renowned for her elegant use of the Greek and Latin languages, both in speaking and writing. She was conspicuous by reason of her charities and the austerity of her life. She and her two younger sisters belonged to a religious community, and the palace was a sort of convent.

The young bride of Theodosius II. had been selected by Pulcheria. She was the daughter of a Pagan philosopher of Athens, who had imparted to her vast learning in science and religion. She had great beauty, which, with her learning, the old philosopher thought, would enable her to win a

place in the world, so when dying he left his possessions to his sons. She, thrown suddenly upon the world, presented her case to Pulcheria, who befriended her, and induced her to accept the Christian religion. The maiden relinquished her Pagan name of Athenias, and was baptised Eudocia, and was afterward married to Theodosius II.

These, then, were the two women, in the full consciousness of youth, beauty, intellect, position, and power, in whose presence Galla Placidia had to appear in the humiliating guise of poor relative and exile. An embarrassing situation! A remarkable trio of women!

But the wheel of fortune soon turned again for Galla. The incompetent reign of Honorius, which had lasted twenty-eight years, came to an end through his death, a few months after Galla reached Constantinople. In Rome an obscure official contrived to have himself invested with the purple, and Galla prevailed upon Theodosius II. to insist upon the recognition of her son, Valentinian III., as the lawful successor.

Though Valentinian III. was a mere child, Theodosius proclaimed him Emperor, and ordered an army to support the decree. He did not lead

the army in person, as his grandfather, Theodosius the Great, would have done, but he sent it under good commanders. After some months of intrigue and fighting, the soldiers of Theodosius won the cause, and Galla and her children, who had left Constantinople with the troops, victoriously entered Ravenna. As soon as possible, Valentinian III. was escorted to Rome, where he was arrayed in the imperial robes and saluted as Augustus. The regency was placed in the hands of his mother.

So now, in the year 425, we find Galla Placidia at the head of the Roman Empire. She was about thirty-five years old, and had experienced a large share of the vicissitudes of life. She seemed to inherit the strong qualities of her father, Theodosius the Great, which had been so painfully lacking in Honorius and Arcadius. If Theodosius the Great had left two brave, clear-sighted, efficient sons, instead of two timid, narrow-minded ones, the course of history at that period would have been different, and Galla would have had a better inheritance in the Roman Empire than that which now fell to her hands. During the reign of Honorius fair provinces had been lost,

and the Barbarians had increased in power. There were opposing factions, and many temptations to treachery. The great Empire of the West was tottering for its fall, when Galla assumed the regency.

Galla's chief advisers, Boniface, Count of Italy, and Aetius, Count of Africa, were great and able generals. But instead of uniting to support the Empress-Regent, they became jealous of each other. Aetius misunderstood Boniface, and each misrepresented the other to Galla, who may well have been puzzled to know the real truth of the situation. The quarrels and plots of this period are too tedious to be detailed here, but one of their disastrous consequences was the loss of the wealthy and populous province of Africa.

There was no war or violent disturbance in Galla's dominions. Theological discussions and metaphysical questions shook the Church to its foundations for twenty years, but these tumults raged more fiercely in the East than in the West. They have been made familiar to the general reader by Kingsley, in his masterly novel, *Hypatia*.

Galla chose wise and able tutors for her children,

but she seems to have failed utterly in regard to their moral training. Perhaps her natural mother love and ambition were intensified by the sorrows she had known and the uncertainty of the imperial possessions, and so she yielded to her children's caprices, and never accustomed them to control. Galla Placidia was neither the first nor the last mother to ruin her children by indulgence.

When Valentinian III. took the power into his own hands his mother continued to be his adviser, but he did not always heed her counsel. He showed no aptitude for government, and the power of the Empire steadily waned.

Galla lived to see the fruits of the unwise training of her children. Valentinian III. became prodigal and dissolute; his sister, Honoria, wrecked her young life by uncontrolled passions.

Toward the middle of the fifth century the dark cloud of Barbarian invasion rose again above the horizon of the Roman Empire. Truly barbaric it was this time. The vast hordes of Huns, a fierce Mongol people, had swept central Europe a generation before, and established a kingdom on the Danube. They had not been softened by any contact with Roman civilisation, had learned

from it no arts, no laws, no religion. They were ferocious Barbarians. After ravaging the East, and extorting enormous treasures from Theodosius II. as the price of peace, they turned toward Gaul and Italy. Their leader was Attila, hideous in personal appearance, savage in disposition, recklessly brave in war. He boasted that the grass never grew where his horse had once trod, and he was called the "Scourge of God."

Galla Placidia had the mortification of knowing that her hapless, misguided daughter, Honoria, was accused of secretly intriguing with the abhorred Attila. He decided to make her one of his numerous wives, so he demanded her hand and a goodly share of the imperial wealth. Galla was compelled to take decided measures for the seclusion and safety of her daughter, and Attila then assumed a threatening attitude.

Galla was spared the distress of knowing the vigorous attempts that Attila finally made to enforce his insolent demands. It was not possible for her to foresee that all the Roman armies would be compelled to unite with Gauls and Germans to conquer the dread foe in the awful battle of Châlons, nor that, in spite of his losses in that battle,

Attila would enter Italy and devastate all the northern part of it, until turned back by the persuasions of Pope Leo I., who went to him as ambassador. She certainly never dreamed that in a little more than a quarter of a century later the Western part of the Roman Empire would cease to exist. Such dark clouds, though gathering in the distance, never rose above the horizon of the Empress. Before they broke into storm she had found a safe and lasting refuge.

Sometime during the year 450 the court removed temporarily from Ravenna to Rome. In the month of November, in that same year, in the city where she had been taken prisoner by the Goths forty years earlier, Galla Placidia yielded to the more powerful conqueror, Death.

VII

THE full details of the course of events during the regency of Galla and the reign of her son, who was assassinated five years after her death, are interesting only to the close student of history. In this brief sketch enough has been said to suggest the chief incidents that affected the political history of the period, and to show some of the characteristics of Galla. If she had had good support by her generals, her reign might have been illustrious. If she had been wiser in the training of her children, the Roman power might have been preserved a few years longer than it was. But another side of her character remains to be considered. At her bidding and under her patronage there was work done that influences us to-day; that makes her seem very real, that makes us forget the lapse of fifteen hundred years. This work permanently influenced the world of Christian art.

In the years of her mature womanhood, Galla

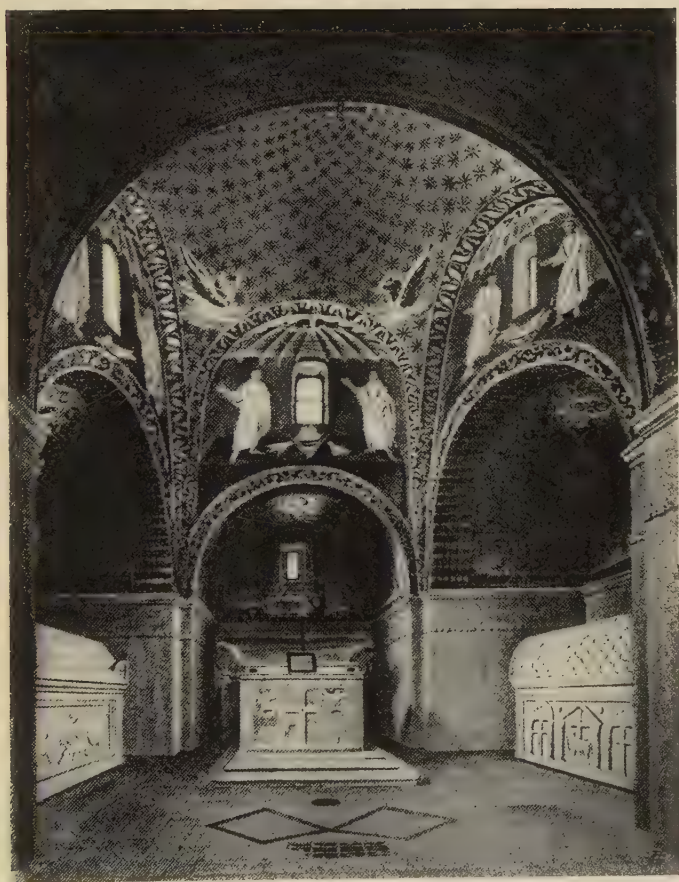


Photo. Alinari

The transparent Alabaster Altar in the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia

seems to have been devoted to the Church. Though she inherited the strong qualities of her father's character and was the man of her family, still she had the gentler traits also, and was alive to religious influences, and to beauty. She lent her encouragement to the efforts made to show to the eyes of men the power and beauty of the Catholic faith, as well as her influence to support the bishops in their orthodox attitudes.

Ravenna was the place best suited to the noble development of Christian art. It had very early become a Christian city, and had never known any fierce struggle with Paganism. It was remote from the tumults of theological disputes and metaphysical discussions. It was a place of mystery, of beautiful legends and sacred traditions. Christian art unfolded itself there in forms of peace and beauty.

There were cherished traditions about St. Apollinaris, the first Bishop of Ravenna, who had founded the church there. He had been consecrated by St. Peter, had wrought wonderful miracles, had preached with great power, and had at last suffered martyrdom about three miles beyond the city wall. Another wonderful man

was St. Ursus, the Bishop who built a great cathedral at Ravenna, and its round bell-tower of ancient bricks still stands near the modern cathedral erected on the foundation of the Bishop's old building. The influence of St. Severus was also potent in Ravenna, for was he not chosen for the sacred calling by a direct sign from Heaven? he, the poor wool-comber, who knowing that a bishop was to be selected, laid aside his work, ignoring the jeers of his wife, and went to the assembly to see the election? And did not a dove alight upon his head as a token that he was the man to fill the episcopal office?

These men lived before Galla's time, yet still their fame increased, and stories multiplied about their zeal and piety. Among Galla's own contemporaries were two very notable men who did much for the Church in Ravenna. One was Johannes Angeloptes, or John the Angel-seer, who communed in visions with the heavenly spirits. The other was St. Petrus Chrysologus, or St. Peter the Golden-worded, renowned for his eloquence. He, as Archbishop, built the lovely little chapel, which may still be seen in the modernised archi-episcopal palace; the chapel with the ceiling

covered with exquisite mosaics showing four angels supporting a central ring containing the Greek monogram of Christ, **X**, and between them the four "creatures" that symbolise the evangelists. Another sacred edifice that must have influenced Galla was the Baptistery of the Orthodox, near the cathedral. It is a solemn-looking, low, octagonal structure, of unpromising exterior, but all-glorious within by reason of its splendid mosaics on walls and ceilings, representing the twelve apostles and the baptism of Christ.

Galla Placidia was not satisfied to remain inactive while others were building glorious temples for the worship of God. Soon after her establishment at Ravenna as Empress-Regent she proceeded to fulfil a vow made when she and her children were crossing the Adriatic, from Constantinople, with the soldiers sent by Theodosius II. to place her son upon the throne. During the voyage a fearful storm arose, and Galla vowed that if delivered from the present danger and distress she would build a magnificent church to the honour of St. John the Evangelist, once a fisherman of Galilee. She erected this votive structure in Ravenna, and adorned it with mosaics. Around the apse were

the imperial portraits, and above them was this inscription: "Strengthen O Lord that which thou hast wrought for us: because of thy temple at Jerusalem shall kings bring presents unto thee." Above that was this dedication: "To the Holy Most Blessed Apostle John the Evangelist. Galla Placidia Augusta, with her son Placidus Valentinianus Augustus and her daughter Grata Honoria Augusta, in fulfilment of a vow for deliverance from peril by sea."

That votive church has not withstood the storms and changes of fifteen centuries. A modern structure has taken its place, but parts of the old are incorporated with the new, and the building is still an interesting memorial of Galla. Above the porch there is an old sculpture, of the twelfth century, portraying the romantic legend, which somehow sprang up after Galla's time, connecting her with the sacred sandal. It was said that after Galla had finished her church she longed for a precious relic to deposit in it. She prayed most fervently and diligently to St. John, and he graciously appeared to her in a vision. She bent to kiss his feet, he withdrew from her sight, but left in her hand one of his sandals. She



Photo. Alinari

Mosaic above the door in the interior of the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia—"Christ as the Good Shepherd"

awoke, and behold the sandal was in her hand. Her heart's desire had been given to her. She placed the precious memorial in the church.

The visitor of to-day when looking at Galla's Church of St. John the Evangelist and thinking about Galla Placidia, cannot fail to be impressed by the name of the open space where the church stands, a name suggestive of another woman whose life was one of adventure and sorrow, and who died a fugitive in the great pine forest near Ravenna. The space is called by the Italians, Piazza Anita Garibaldi.

The memorials of Galla are not confined to Ravenna. The coins of her reign are rare and exceedingly precious, as some of them bear the impress of the simple cross form most used to-day, the first appearance of this form in Christian art. The British Museum has a coin with her head stamped upon it. Rome, the mother-city, has its glorious triumphal arch in the Church of St. Paul beyond the Wall, full of rich and beautiful mosaic figures, constructed by Galla's orders and at her expense, and there one may read her name to-day.

The mention of Rome and mosaics brings us naturally to the last scene connected with Galla.

Dying in Rome, her body was borne back to the city of Ravenna, where she had passed more than half her life, and which was the scene of her labours as the Augusta of the Roman Empire, the city adorned by her own efforts. She had built there, not only her church to St. John the Evangelist, but also a small church in honour of St. Nazarius and St. Celsus, two holy preachers in the early days of the Church, who suffered martyrdom at Milan. This little church was Galla's mausoleum. In royal robes of state, seated in a chair of cypress-wood, she was placed in a massive marble sarcophagus covered with silver plates, and left to rest behind the altar.

The sarcophagus has been despoiled of its silver plates, and it is empty now. In the sixteenth century some children, to satisfy their curiosity, thrust a lighted taper into a small opening of the sarcophagus, the royal robes took fire, and in a few minutes the contents of the tomb were utterly destroyed.

Let us turn from this lugubrious incident and look around the beautiful mausoleum. The altar is of transparent alabaster. The lustrous mosaics on walls and ceiling show many symbolic forms,




Photo. Alinari

The Marble Sarcophagus of Galla Placidia

yet they are simple, so that he who runs may read. They are peaceful, though Galla's life knew many tumults. The chief colours are blue, gold, and white. In the dome, on a blue ground, is a large gold cross, the Latin cross, the same form that had been used on some of the coins of Galla's reign. So far as is known this is the first appearance of this form of the cross in large decorations. At the angles of the cross are the four "creatures," symbols of the evangelists. There are gold stars everywhere, stately prophets and apostles, doves drinking at a fountain, harts at the "water-brook." One mosaic shows the simplest and most expressive symbol of Christ and his people,—the Good Shepherd with his sheep; Christ as a young, beardless man, seated in a pasture, his left hand supporting a cross, his right hand touching the mouth of one of the sheep; palm trees overhead. Another scene shows the bearded Christ holding a Gospel in one hand, in the other his cross; near him in a little cabinet are three other books, and there is a fire where some books are burning.

The sculptures on the two tombs in the transepts of the church are interesting. At the right is the marble sarcophagus of the Emperor Hon-

orius. On it is sculptured a lamb standing on a hill from which four streams of water flow. There are three crosses also, the central cross having two doves at the angles. The marble sarcophagus in the other transept is sculptured with two lambs, two palm trees, and a lamb standing on a hillock from which flow four streams. There is also the sacred monogram, . This was the tomb of Constantius III., the second husband of Galla.

There is no suggestion of imperial might and majesty, there are no earthly scenes and visions and legends. Peace, lowliness, gentleness, beauty, and spirituality, are the impressions awakened in the mind by the mausoleum of Galla Placidia.

Santa Monica

SANTA MONICA

THE contemplation of the melancholy failure made by the Empress Galla in the training of her children brings instinctively to mind another woman in almost the same period of history, whose noble efforts in behalf of her family were signally rewarded. This woman's life was not passed in the glare of "That fierce light which beats upon a throne," but in a simple home, where, in her humble walk of life, she did what she believed to be her duty earnestly and conscientiously. She was a woman of strong personality, frugal, industrious, charitable, devout. Without any special advantages of wealth or social position she, nevertheless, exerted a beneficent influence upon her little world. This woman is known as St. Monica, mother of St. Augustine.

We all feel acquainted with her, yet how little we really know about her! How meagre the records seem, yet how suggestive when one reads between the lines! Her biography is authentic,

for it may be gleaned from the writings of her son.

She was born about 332 A.D., and passed nearly all her life in a small place not far from the great city of Carthage. She belonged to a good family, though not among the higher nobility. Her parents were Orthodox Catholics. Her principal training seems to have been entrusted to an aged nurse or relative, who had very decided notions in regard to the training of girls. She accustomed Monica to habits of extreme simplicity, frugality, and abstinence. We may feel inclined to-day to smile at some of her theories of education, yet we cannot question the purity of her motives and her earnestness of purpose. She even forbade the drinking of water between meals, lest the habit of tasting something might lead to intemperate drinking in after years.

In spite of the strictness of her rule, however, Monica became fond of wine. At times she was sent to the wine-cellar to draw wine for the dinner, and she could not resist the temptation to take a sip of it. In this way she acquired the habit, but how long she indulged it, or how frequently, cannot be determined. It seems probable that it had no strong hold upon her, for she relinquished it

suddenly and effectually. A maid-servant became aware of Monica's weakness, and taunted her with the epithet, *meribula*, "wine-drinker." Stung by the reproach, humiliated and alarmed, Monica vowed never to yield again to this temptation.

In due time her parents found a husband for her. They gave her in marriage to Patricius, a man holding some small official position in the Empire. He was much older than Monica, a widower, and a man of violent temper and evil habits. Monica seems to have borne his ill treatment with great patience and resignation, even reproving some of her friends when they complained of their husbands.

Monica had been noted even in girlhood for her piety and devotion to the Church, and after her marriage she laboured to bring her husband into the true fold. Her prayers, her entreaties, her conduct, at last prevailed. Patricius was converted, and died humbly and peacefully at the age of seventy-three, when Monica was about forty.

In those twenty or more years of wedded life, looking well to the ways of her household, acting as peacemaker in the community, and endeavouring to change the character of her husband, the

cares and joys of maternity had come to Monica. She had three children, a daughter and two sons. The lives of the daughter and one son seem to have been uneventful, but the other son was a remarkable character.

His name was Aurelius Augustinus, and he was born before Monica had reached her twenty-fifth year. His career, as unfolded by himself in his *Confessions* and other writings, has not yet ceased to be a subject of study. He was a youth of great intellectual promise, but in temper and habits was probably much like other boys. His parents seem to have been united in their desire to give him the best educational advantages. In early manhood he became a noted rhetorician at Carthage, the term "rhetorician" as it was used in ancient times including orator and logician. Though noted for his learning and eloquence, his private life was wild and dissolute, and his widowed mother had to bear that bitter anguish, which has broken the hearts of thousands of mothers, of seeing a son of so much promise going the downward road.

Monica grieved because of his dissolute habits, and also because he would not identify himself with

the Catholic Church, though he had early been made a catechumen with the sign of the cross and the salt; but he now accepted the doctrines of one of the heretical sects so numerous at that period. His mother prayed unceasingly for his conversion, and strove with words and tears to influence him. His fame as a brilliant orator and keen logician increased with years, but probably brought small comfort to the mother who yearned with infinite solicitude for his spiritual regeneration.

Once, after a time of great distress, Monica had a vision. She saw herself standing on a rock, when an angel approached, saying to her: "Where thou art, there shall thy son be." She related this strange experience to her son, who jested about it and said: "The angel meant that where I am, there you would be. You will come among the Manichæans." "Nay, not so," replied his mother, and she took courage and renewed her efforts in his behalf.

Months passed away, and Monica, seeing no change in her son, entreated the Bishop of Carthage to argue with him. But the Bishop declined to enter into any controversy with the keen

logician, yet he comforted the weeping mother by saying: "Go, prythee; the son of those tears cannot perish."

New and greater trials awaited that loving heart. The brilliant scholar decided to go to Rome to practise his' profession, and would not consent that his mother should accompany him. She determined to disregard his wishes and go at all hazards, but he deceived her as to the time of his departure, and actually sailed while she was praying in a church near the harbour. For a long time she mourned sadly, but finally she sailed for Italy and tried to find him. In the meantime he had passed through a dangerous illness in Rome, and had afterward gone to Milan as a public teacher of rhetoric. His mother followed in his footsteps, and in Milan she had the joy of being united with her son.

A strange but interesting household was established. It consisted of Monica, her son, his most intimate friend, Alypius, and a young lad named Adeodatus, who was the son of Augustine. Monica divided her time between household duties, the service of the Church, and visits to the sick and afflicted, and was happy under the spiritual direc-

tion of the great Bishop Ambrose. It had always been Monica's custom at her home in Africa to carry to the shrines and graves of martyrs and other holy persons, offerings of vegetables and bread and wine. In Milan she resumed this practice, but discontinued it at the word of Bishop Ambrose, who forbade such customs in his diocese as resembling heathen practices.

Whether her faith was still firm and her hope still strong concerning the conversion of her son no one can judge. He continued to be a successful rhetorician and a lover of pleasure, but he was restless and unhappy. He made new friendships, came under new influences, some of evil character, and the current of his life seemed to be flowing steadily toward one end without much prospect of change. He was now past thirty years of age. Still, in the midst of his strange personal experiences, his ardent plans for the future, his new acquaintances, he found pleasure in the friendship and eloquence of the great Bishop Ambrose. Gradually it came about that his mind began to be exercised in regard to certain momentous questions concerning his daily life and his beliefs.

Monica doubtless saw many signs of his new

mental attitude, but she was not a witness to the great critical moment of his transformation.

He and his friend Alypius were walking in the garden, engaged in earnest religious discussion, as was now frequently their custom. At a moment of great excitement Augustine rushed away from his friend to the garden bower, where he sought to compose himself. While struggling with his emotions he heard a child at play singing: "Take up and read, take up and read." He accepted the words as the admonition of an angel, and took up a sacred scroll that was lying in the bower. He opened the sacred volume at random, and his eye fell upon the words of St. Paul: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." He had reached the crisis of his struggle against good influences. This text, supplementing the prayers and efforts of his mother and the discourses of the Bishop, was the touchstone that transmuted his life. The golden moment had arrived. His heart was responsive. His complete conversion speedily followed.

Who can imagine the joy and thanksgiving of Monica? She went with her son to a place of retirement at a villa near Milan, that he might prepare better for his entrance into the Church. Their conversations during that period are recorded in two of St. Augustine's writings, and they show the strong good sense and great heart of Monica.

At Easter-tide, in the year 387, Monica had the inexpressible comfort and happiness of seeing her son baptised by Bishop Ambrose, at Milan, and with him the young Adeodatus. What a scene for Monica to behold! The familiar rites must have assumed special significance for her on that occasion.

The purification with water, the consecration with oil, the investiture with white garments, the procession to the high altar,—all surely appealed to Monica with a new joy.

Monica's work seemed to be finished. She longed for home. It gave her much happiness when her son decided that they would return to their native land. They left Milan and journeyed southward. The mother's heart was at peace. She was returning home in company with her

redeemed son, who was henceforth to devote his talents to the Church.

Reaching the port of Ostia they waited for a ship that would carry them to Africa. While they waited they had much sweet intercourse. One memorable occasion is recorded in the *Confessions*. Under other circumstances it might have passed from memory, but the events that followed made it for ever impressive. Mother and son sat at a window overlooking a garden, and the mother spoke of her peace and happiness, and said that she had no more desire to live now that her son was consecrated. The conversation turned upon the life of the saints in Heaven, and the mother's words were so elevating, so spiritual, that for a time the two sat lost in thought, lifted above the things of earth, translated in spirit.

A day or two afterward Monica was stricken with fever, and soon her condition was hopeless. She spoke calmly of death, and requested her son not to transport her body to Africa, but to lay her to rest in Ostia. Some regret was expressed at the thought of leaving her so far from home, because she had often before expressed a desire

to be buried beside her husband. But Monica answered: "Nothing is far from God."

Monica was attended in her last hours not only by her son Augustine, but by her other son, Navigius, and by the young lad, Adeodatus, the lad of much promise who did not long survive his devoted grandmother. The spirit of Monica took its flight in May, 387, "during the reign of Theodosius the Great."

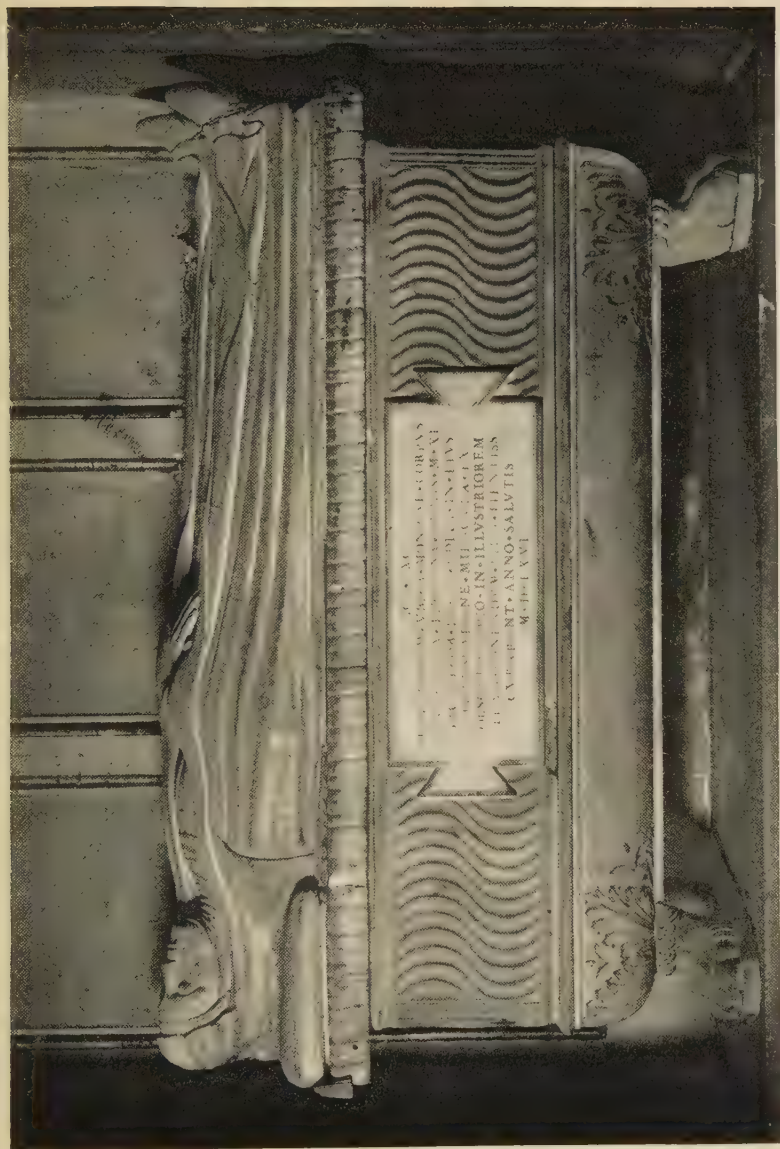
Her last wishes were respected, and she was buried in the Church of St. Andrew, at Ostia. But in the fifteenth century Pope Martin V. had the body of St. Monica removed to Rome and placed in a chapel dedicated to St. Augustine. This chapel was the beginning of the spacious church built a few years later, and still called by the Italians, San Agostino.

Many persons visit the vast edifice consecrated to San Agostino, for it contains several interesting works of art, though the church itself is not at all beautiful. At the high altar is a picture of the Madonna brought long ago from Constantinople, and said to have been painted by St. Luke. There is Raphael's fresco of the Prophet Isaiah. There one may see a famous marble life-size group repre-

senting the Madonna and Child wearing crowns of gold, made about four hundred years ago, and now hung all over with votive offerings,—jewels, watches, gold and silver trinkets. But when one wanders through the spacious and dreary aisles it is well to give some thought to the woman who lies in an unpretentious tomb near the high altar, the woman revered as Santa Monica. One cannot help wishing that she had been placed near the splendid shrine of her son in the cathedral at Pavia, for she was in no way connected with Rome and seems lonely there. But her own words rise to the memory and rebuke the thought: “Nothing is far from God.”

Surely she was a great woman. She played a humble part in life, yet she exerted a beneficent and far-reaching influence. From the character of her work at Milan the Augustine Order for nuns claim her as their head. Her son Augustine, great theologian and great bishop, living to the age of seventy-five, acknowledged that all the blessings of his life were due to his mother.

Christian art has delighted to portray such characters. Every person who has visited the Louvre has paused before the striking picture



The Tomb of Santa Monica in the Church of San Agostino, Rome

Photo, Anderson, Rome

painted by Ary Scheffer, showing St. Monica and St. Augustine seated side by side. It is supposed to represent the sacred conversation at Ostia. It is not a great work of art, but it is attractive, and a poetical description of it seems an appropriate close for these thoughts about Santa Monica.

“Together ’neath the Italian heaven
They sit, the mother and her son,
He late from her by errors riven,
Now both in Jesus one:
The dear consenting hands are knit,
And either face, as there they sit,
Is lifted as to something seen
Beyond the blue serene.”

**The Great Mother of the Gods and
How She Came to Italy**

THE GREAT MOTHER OF THE GODS AND HOW SHE CAME TO ITALY

THE mention of Ostia awakens a new train of thought. Indeed every place and object in this wonderful land of Italy has a peculiar power of suggestiveness. Things are linked together in an endless chain of history, mythology, romance, and art. So the mention of Ostia conjures up a strange episode in ancient history, and brings to the memory a vision of the Palatine Hill as it is to-day, and also a room in the Capitoline Museum, where a piece of sculpture depicts a quaint old story.

The Palatine Hill, rising abruptly at one side of the great Roman Forum, offers to the lover of antiquities one of the richest feasts in the modern world. Upon that height the city had its origin; sections of the earliest wall are still there; the cave sacred to the wolf invites archæological investigation; the imperial palaces and the houses of the patricians were erected there, when Rome was

at the zenith of power and splendour. To-day the place is a scene of magnificent ruins; a labyrinth of winding paths, abrupt turnings, bold terraces, steep ascents by massive steps of old Roman masonry; gardens, trees, and bushes, growing over some of the most important parts where ruins have not yet been brought to light; memorial shrines and temples; grand views of the seven hills and the hills across the Tiber,—all combining to form a place of indescribable charm and invaluable instruction, “a book where one may read strange matters.”

Seated in lonely grandeur among the massive ruins, like a priestess in Nature’s own temple, is an enormous headless statue of a woman. Her form is majestic, her drapery ample and dignified; her chair and footstool suggest regal strength and power. Even in her ruined state she is queenly and impressive. It is a colossal statue of Cybele, or Cybebe, as she is often called by the poets.

To begin with, long before Cybele was known in Italy she was worshipped in Oriental lands. She was regarded as the Mother Earth, dwelling among mountains; creative, the originator of the cultivation of the vine, of agriculture, of social



Photo. Alinari

The Ruins of the Temple of Cybele on the Palatine Hill, Rome

progress and civilisation, founder of towns and cities.

In Asia Minor her famous sanctuary was on Mt. Dindymus, in Galatia. From time immemorial a rough stone that had fallen from the sky was venerated as a representation of the goddess Cybele, and was preserved in her temple. The ceremonials of her worship were wild and repulsive, somewhat resembling the Bacchanalian rites. Her priests were called Corybantes, and they led the people in wild dances and frenzied orgies, with torches and discordant music, horns, drums, and cymbals. The greatest of these ceremonials was in the spring, and was in commemoration of Atys. To enter fully into the strange myth connected with Cybele and Atys would lead one far afield, but one must pause a moment to glance at the picturesque story.

Atys, or Athis, was a beautiful shepherd of Mt. Dindymus, and the son of a god. Cybele fell in love with him, but Atys, already in love with the daughter of a king, failed to respond to the affection of the goddess. Cybele, in anger and mortification, drove him to madness. Beneath a sombre pine tree he mutilated himself, and his

blood flowed so copiously that his life was soon exhausted. The pine tree received his spirit, and from his blood sprang violets. Cybele prayed to a higher power that the body of her beloved might be saved from corruption; and pure and beautiful it was entombed in her temple on Mt. Dindymus.

Thereafter, in that locality, the great ceremonial at the time of the spring equinox included the felling of a pine tree in the forest, covering it with violets, binding upon it the effigy of a youth, hiding it away, then mournfully searching for it, and joyfully finding it on the third day.

The story of Cybele and Atys is one of those peculiar myths of seed-time and blossoming, and sacrificing to propitiate the divinity of agriculture; ceremonials almost as old as the human race, widely observed, and involving in early ages human sacrifices.

In due time the worship of Cybele spread to Greece, where she became identified with Rhea, daughter of Heaven and Earth, and mother of the great Olympian gods and goddesses. The Romans had from the beginning worshipped Ops, wife of Saturn, as goddess of sowing and reaping, but in time she, too, gave place to Cybele.

During the historic wars between Rome and Carthage, when the Romans were reduced to despair by the repeated successes of Hannibal, the oracular writings known as the Sibylline books were consulted, and the chief pontiff declared that in order to drive Hannibal out of Italy it was necessary to bring the image of the "Great Mother" from Mt. Dindymus to Rome. So in the year 204 B.C. an embassy was sent to Asia Minor to procure the meteoric stone that was venerated as the image of Cybele. It cannot fail to be noticed that the practical Romans did not content themselves with merely sending for the image, but placed a new young general, Publius Cornelius Scipio, at the head of their armies. He devised very effectual plans for forcing Hannibal to return to Carthage, and became illustrious through the success of those plans. Still the chief pontiff had proclaimed the oracle about Cybele, and it had its own influence with the people.

In due season the boat bearing the "Great Mother" reached Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber. There, in a shallow place, the boat grounded, and all ordinary means to set it afloat again were unavailing. A soothsayer proclaimed that only a

perfectly pure woman could release it. Now a large company of the noble women of Rome, clothed in white robes, had come to Ostia to receive the goddess. Among the assemblage was a woman named Claudia Quinta, one of the famous Claudian family. She was a Vestal Virgin, and was suffering under the accusation of broken vows, and dreading the horrible doom that awaited all who sullied the purity of Vesta's temple. At the word of the soothsayer Claudia Quinta stepped forward, called upon the "Great Mother" to aid her, bound her fillet to the rope, and drew the boat to shore, thus proving her innocence. The noble women, in their white robes, stood in line fifteen miles long, from Ostia to Rome, and passed the sacred image from hand to hand, till it rested in a temple on the Palatine.

A great festival was established in honour of Cybele, and her fame increased. For centuries afterward, as long as the Pagan religion had any power, one of the most exuberant festivals of Rome and its vicinity was that in honour of Cybele, "*Magna deum Mater.*" It was one of those wonderful spring festivals connected with the idea of purification and regeneration. Her

images and temples multiplied, her beloved Atys was not forgotten, her festivals became wilder and more elaborate. Human beings were baptised in the blood of the animals sacrificed to Cybele, thus suggesting another of the strange customs which in that age were accepted as substitutes for the human sacrifices of an earlier time.

Statues of Cybele may be seen in many places. The old rough stone from Mt. Dindymus did not satisfy the eyes of the Romans. Their artists made nobler representations of the "Great Mother." So we find her enthroned, wearing her mural crown with towers and battlements, to show her connection with the development of towns and cities, with her feet on a firm footstool, to suggest the stability of earth, attended by lions, as the strongest of all animals and the ones that used to draw her chariot through the Oriental forests. She seems the embodiment of all that is strong, womanly, and beautiful.

A single piece of sculpture tells the other story. In the Capitoline Museum there is a low column of peculiar shape, a Greek altar or cippus, bearing a quaint relief, rudely sculptured. It shows a

woman dragging a primitive boat by her girdle, or fillet. There is also this inscription: "Matri Deum et Navi Salviæ voto suscepto Claudia Syntyche d[oro] d[edit]." "

If interest is awakened and search made among the poetry and history of ancient Rome, the meaning of the sculpture becomes plain. One learns the story of Claudia Quinta, who cleared her name of the foulest aspersion that can be thrust upon a woman, and at the same time brought to the shore of Italy the venerated image of the "Great Mother."

The ruins of the temple of Cybele on the Palatine look down upon the ruins of the temple of Vesta in the Forum; the statues of Cybele and her beloved Atys are all broken, "the oracles are dumb"; but the marble relics, telling their old, old stories, still appeal to us, and the classical poets are still studied. Catullus, who wrote so passionately of Cybele and Atys, lived in the time when the "Great Mother" had power over the minds of men, though he stood almost upon the threshold of the Christian era. Thinking of this fact helps one to appreciate the force of his apostrophe to Cybele:

Goddess! mighty Goddess! Cybele! who rulest Dindyma's height,

Far from my home, O Lady, let thy maddening wrath alight!

Upon others rain thy frenzy; upon others wreak thy might!

Genoa

GENOA

HOW few travellers take the trouble to explore the city of Genoa! To most of them it is a place for arrival and departure. They look a little at the harbour, take a hurried walk through some of the streets, and perhaps a drive to obtain a general idea of the place, and then they are content to go their way.

But when one lingers in Genoa, when one becomes familiar with the streets, the *piazzas*, the notable buildings, the magnificent harbour, the majestic hills, then the city commands a large measure of interest and admiration, and ever afterward holds a fair place in one's memories of Italy.

Of course, Genoa is not like historic Rome, or artistic Florence, or picturesque Venice, yet it is a city of no mean attractions, and it is strange that so little has been written about it for the benefit of English-speaking travellers.

It seems fair and natural to draw some com-

parisons between Genoa and Naples. Each city clusters round a spacious bay of the blue Mediterranean and has a background of high hills. The approach from the sea is less impressive at Genoa. There is no awesome Vesuvius, there are no enchanting islands near by, no park along the sea is visible, the gardens on the hills do not show so invitingly, and the high hills in the background, though crowned by fortresses, do not draw the eye to a focus so intently as does the massive brown Castel Sant'Elmo which for more than five centuries has looked down upon Naples.

The people of the two cities are different. The Genoese are quiet, and too much occupied with business to besiege the voyagers; but the Neapolitans come out diving, swimming, rowing, singing, dancing, to welcome them. The Genoese seem to feel that they are responsible for the growth and commerce of their city; but Neapolitan life seems to be written to the tune, "Begone, dull Care." A Neapolitan crowd is distinct from every other in the world; but a Genoese crowd is merely Italian.

Each of these two great cities of the Mediterranean has charms peculiar to herself. Though

the city near Vesuvius has long boasted of the proverb, "See Naples, and die," yet an intimate acquaintance with Genoa makes one feel that she need not relinquish her proud old title, "La Superba."

The history of Genoa deserves a little attention. In ancient days the people of that region were known to the Greeks as the Ligures, and their district was called Liguria. The Greeks traded with the people of Liguria, and also dreaded them as pirates. About two centuries before Christ the Carthaginians destroyed the city, but it was soon rebuilt. Soon afterward it was conquered by the Romans, and the Ligurian city of Zenoa became the Roman city of Genua. The name "Genua" is supposed to refer to the great bend in the shore, as it signifies "to bend the knee." Numerous inscriptions and some massive foundations still speak of the Roman epoch. One of the precious relics now in the municipal collection is a bronze tablet commemorating the settlement of a dispute between "Genua" and a neighbouring town, in the year 117 A.D.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, in the latter part of the fifth century, Italy was divided

into many small states, and Genoa, like the other cities, experienced many vicissitudes. As in other places, a feudal nobility grew up in Genoa, with whom the people struggled on many occasions before obtaining a charter of freedom. After that time, the free city became wealthy and powerful, one of the three great maritime republics of Italy, and mistress of the Mediterranean. She united with her neighbours in repelling the Saracens, who began to trouble the Italian towns in the ninth century, and she was active during the Crusades, being an important city for the embarkation and landing of troops. She maintained steady commercial intercourse with the Orient, and established colonies there.

Genoa had two powerful rivals. One of them was Pisa, with whom numerous wars were fought, ending finally in the defeat of Pisa and the destruction of her port, in the year 1284. Consequently Genoa, the victorious, was hated by all the people of the province of Tuscany, who expressed their bitterness in various proverbs, more vigorous than true, one of them being the infamous reproach, "Sea without fish; mountains without trees; men without faith; and women

without shame." Even Dante, at the close of the thirty-third canto of the *Inferno*, flings this ignominy at the hated people:

Ah, Genoese! ye men at variance
With every virtue, full of every vice,
Wherefore are ye not scattered from the world?

The other powerful rival of Genoa was Venice, so largely interested in Oriental commerce, but the wars between them ended finally in the defeat of Genoa, at the naval battle of Chioggia, in the year 1380.

As elsewhere in Italy, the noble families of Genoa were divided by feuds into the two great political parties of Guelphs and Ghibellines, Papal and Imperial. Some of the famous Guelph families were the Grimaldi and Fieschi. The great Ghibellines were the Doria and Spinola. Often-times the victorious party placed the power temporarily in the hands of a foreign prince or king, but in 1339 the power of the nobility was overthrown by a revolution, a republic was established, with a doge, elected for life, as the head ruler.

In the 16th century Genoa became involved

in the political struggles of the great powers of Europe, and her Oriental possessions were taken by the Turks. Later she was troubled by Austria, and humbled by France. In the nineteenth century Genoa played her part in the making of Modern Italy, and since the unification and the establishment of the Kingdom she has taken a new lease of life, and has become again a city of wealth and importance.

The history of Genoa is reflected in her coat of arms. At the time of the first Crusade the city adopted as her armorial device the white shield with the red cross. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the hatred of the Ghibelline party and of the rival city, Pisa, was so intense that it led to the adoption of a satirical device, an example of which may be seen among the antiquities in the interesting Palazzo Bianco, or White Palace. It displays a griffin holding in one claw an eagle, emblematical of the Emperor of Germany, and in the other a fox, emblematical of Pisa. The inscription suggests the enigma:

*Griphus Ut Has Angit
Sic Hostes Janua Frangit.*

It seems difficult to do justice to the motto in a translation, but this suggestion is offered:

As the griffin torments these,
So the enemy breaks down the gateways.

The griffin was reproduced on one side of the coins of Genoa as long as the city had its own mint, while the reverse side had a cross. An old Italian told me that in his younger days it was customary, when tossing a coin to decide something, to say, "cross or griffin," just as we say, "heads or tails."

The griffin still appears in the armorial bearings of Genoa, but it no longer grasps a conquering foe. In fact there are now two griffins, supporting a shield emblazoned with a cross. Above the cross is a crown, and rising above it is a slender column supporting a man's head and a woman's head, back to back, indicative, it is thought, of the Greco-Romanic elements in the early inhabitants. The ethnographic heads, the crusader's shield, and the mediæval griffins speak eloquently of the past, while the royal crown announces that Genoa holds a place in the United Kingdom of Italy.

Genoa, as we see it to-day, is suggestive of commerce and strength. It lies in a semicircle

above the sea, on the level and on the hills, while the lofty heights in the background are crowned with forts. The present harbour really included three harbours, for the old port was enlarged a few years ago and divided by new moles, or piers. Great, commanding lighthouses lend their attractions to the scene, and many vessels come and go and rest at anchor. At each side of the city an insignificant river comes down into the sea. The old walls have been demolished, but a few gates and towers remain harmoniously blended with other structures. Electric cars run in various directions along the wider streets, and cable tramways ascend some of the hills, thus affording numerous vantage-grounds for observation.

Innumerable streets radiate from the oldest part of the city, near the old harbour, and they are extremely interesting and picturesque. They are so narrow that they seem like cracks between the houses, which are six and seven stories high and occupied by many families. The windows of all these dwellings are protected by shutters having panels that may be extended outward. From these panels, when pushed outward like small awnings, is suspended clothing of all shapes and

colours, to dry or air. These narrow streets are generally very steep, also, therefore a pedestrian in that district is continually going up and down a slope, or a queer flight of stone steps.

Visitors in search of the progressive features of the city will readily find the new streets with imposing business structures, and some of the wider of the old streets that have received new names and adopted some modern features. A large open place, familiar to most travellers because it is the home of a popular tourist agency, is called the Piazza della Meridiana, where a handsome sun-dial emphasises the fact that a meridian of longitude passes through Genoa.

Genoa has been the mother of some illustrious sons and daughters, and has erected showy monuments to the heroes of the struggle for the unification of Italy, and to public-spirited citizens and philanthropists, both men and women. Marble tablets bearing interesting inscriptions have been placed upon many historic houses.

A mile and a half beyond the city is the Campo Santo, the Holy Field, one of the most spectacular cemeteries in the world. It was begun about fifty years ago, along the sloping bank of the little

river Bisagno, and on terraces of the neighbouring hills. It is a vast series of marble corridors and arcades, with open spaces intervening where the poor are buried. The corridors and arcades and a few private vaults contain the tombs of those persons who had a fair share of worldly goods. The monuments are amazing, showing every variety of scenes and groups that could possibly be presented in a burial-place. Marble families surround marble deathbeds, marble husbands and wives take leave of each other, marble angels bear away marble figures, marble figures peep through doors of tombs, the marble monk sits in his cloister. All the clothes and accessories are sculptured with greatest care and skill. Nothing is stinted, no expense is spared, most of the figures are life-size, some are colossal. There are, of course, a number of monuments with the ordinary symbolic emblems and figures usually found in cemeteries. The graves of the poor, under the sunshine and blue sky, are abundantly decorated with bead wreaths and framed photographs. The patriot Mazzini is buried in a vault of the hillside, marked by two noble Doric columns, upon which rests a massive lintel.

The desire for an elaborate memorial found its strangest expression in the monument of the old chestnut woman. In her lifetime she peddled bread and cakes and nuts, hoarded her money, and left a will providing for a life-size portrait statue of herself, in her ordinary costume, with bread and nuts in her hand, and for a tomb in one of the arcades of the Campo Santo. So there she stands, close to those with whom she never associated in life.

Genoa takes much pride in her noble Renaissance palaces, possessing more of them than any other city of Italy. Many of them are still occupied by the descendants of the old nobility, some are used for government purposes, one belongs to the King of Italy, one is the University. Most of them are open to visitors at certain times, and contain portraits, collections, tapestries, old glass and china, but these objects are less interesting and impressive than the magnificent marble doorways, halls, and staircases.

Noble doorways may also be found where one least expects them. In the narrow old streets are numerous palaces that have long since been converted into places of business and dwellings for

poor families. Their distinguishing mark is the handsome sculptured doorway leading into a courtyard. Such doorways would bring fortunes if they could be transported to the United States. Massive mouldings are sculptured with delicate foliage, coats of arms, medallions, sacred monograms, noble heads, and legends of saints. Surrounded by the sordid life of shops and markets these majestic doorways stand as pathetic reminders of the grandeur that has been. To hunt for them becomes a passion, to find them is an unspeakable delight.

Some readers may be specially interested in this subject, so for their benefit a list of doorways and reliefs is given in the appendix to this book.

Among venerable churches and palaces in the narrow streets leading up from the old harbour stands a dark, massive stone tower, known as Torre degli Embriaco. It is a conspicuous landmark from the sea and from the higher parts of the city. The lower part of it serves now as a sort of backbone for commoner buildings that rest against it, but it rises high above them, and the locality is very quiet, so the tower seems solitary. It is the last relic of a strong castle built

by Guglielmo Embriaco, early in the twelfth century, when such towers were essential to every stronghold. Guglielmo Embriaco was one of the famous Genoese of his time, an enthusiastic crusader, a man of wealth and power. He built his great house near the harbour, and from his watch-tower his men must have been able to see the approaching ships and galleys while they were yet far distant.

The crusaders brought stirring times to Genoa, for it was a convenient port from which great hosts of soldiers from many parts of Europe embarked for the Holy Land. The movable wooden towers, successfully used in the first Crusade at the siege and capture of Jerusalem, were the invention of Guglielmo Embriaco, the owner of the fortress tower. One of the precious relics brought back from the Holy Land by the same doughty warrior will be described in connection with the cathedral.

The street skirting the old harbour, or inner port, is a place of eager traffic all day, and of incessant life day and night, furnishing many interesting pictures to the eye. There are some quaint buildings, queer shops under old arcades, and glimpses up the narrow streets. Near by is the old Bourse,

soon to be abandoned for a palatial new building, and also the fascinating little street devoted to the gold and silver filigree work. The statue of Raffaele Rubattino, who organised one of the great navigation companies, stands there as if still watching the business that he created. The inscription says that he brought "wealth and honour to Italy."

In the throng of commerce, and near the statue of Raffaele Rubattino, may be found one of the unpretentious hotels of the city, patronised by English travellers for more than sixty years. One part of the structure was once the monastery of San Raffaele, and one of the treasures is a superb ceiling fresco, from which the cover of whitewash has only recently been removed, showing the Archangel Raphael and the young Tobias. Among the city archives are documents recording the date of the painting, which was thirty or forty years before the discovery of America.

Conspicuous in this neighbourhood is a noble building known as the Palazzo di San Giorgio. This Palace of St. George, now used for business connected with the port, is a Gothic structure of brick and stone, with an arcaded portico, lofty

windows, battlements, and decorated in many places with the red cross shield. According to the records, the palace was built in 1260, by Frate Oliviero, for the official residence of the Captain of the People. After a time it was occupied by the Company and Bank of St. George, the first great banking institution of Europe. The Company of St. George was respectably old even when it established itself in the palace, for there are records of State loans issued by it as early as 1147. From 1407 to 1797 the Bank of St. George was a powerful factor in the history of Genoa.

Genoa paid great homage to St. George. Crusaders returning from the Orient brought many stories about the holy warrior who had served there under the Roman banners, seven centuries before, and who had suffered martyrdom because of his Christian faith, in one of the persecutions of Diocletian. Wonderful legends were current of the holiness and prowess of the young martyr, and his name was the watchword for all Christendom.

Some historians tell us that it was at Genoa that Richard Cœur de Lion first learned about St. George, and as a compliment to the city the Lion-

Hearted adopted the saint as the champion of England, though the old patron of England, Edward the Confessor, was not really displaced till the middle of the fourteenth century.

Apart from other history the Palace of St. George is of special interest to Americans, for the Company was chosen by Columbus as a trustee for some of his bequests. His letter "to the noble lords of the most magnificent office of St. George," written at Seville, April 2, 1502, is one of the treasures in the archives of the city, and copies of it are displayed in some of the collections of antiquities.

Following the Columbus train of thought one finds various interesting objects in Genoa, the city twice mentioned in his will as his birthplace.

Traversing some tortuous, hilly streets near the old harbour the pilgrim reaches a typical house of stone, five or six stories high, with green shutters having the usual extension panels, and occupied by several families. It is in one of the most Genoese parts of Genoa. Every boy in the street runs toward the house when he sees an American approaching, and gesticulates frantically and cries out vigorously, "*Casa di Cristoforo Colombo.*"

It is No. 37 Vico Dritto di Ponticello. Upon the front is a marble tablet, placed upon it a few years ago, and bearing this inscription:

NVLLA DOMVS TITVLO DIGNIOR
HEIC
PATERNIS IN AEDIBVS
CHRISTOPHORVS COLVMBVS
PVERITIAM
PRIMAMQVE INVENTAM TRANSEGIT

A humble translation of the Latin may be acceptable to some readers, if they cannot make a better one.

No house is more worthy of a tablet.

Here

In the paternal shrines

Christopher Columbus

Passed his youth

And completed his first discovery.

It is not really the house in which Columbus was born, but where he was brought up, a fact shown by records in possession of the old church of San Stefano. It is now thought that the house

where he was born was connected with one of the old gates, demolished more than a century ago to make room for a new street and the extension of a hospital. It is known that his father was warden of the gate, Dell' Olivella.

In a salon of the Municipal Palace is a bust of the great navigator, and the marble pedestal supporting it is the "Custodia" of several of his letters. The opening in the pedestal is securely protected by a metal tablet, inscribed, padlocked, and the key is kept in some place known to a few dignitaries only. Facsimiles of the precious documents may be seen elsewhere in the building, and also in the Palazzo Bianco.

The Palazzo Bianco, which was mentioned in connection with the old coat of arms, contains the most interesting collection of relics in Genoa. Among them are large and accurate models of the three caravels that sailed to find the New World. The models were made at a shipyard some years ago, at the expense of one of the wealthy Genoese ship-owners, and were presented by him to the government. There is also the actual lantern, huge, awesome, from the *Santa Maria*, the flagship of Columbus. The lantern became a possession



Photo. Alinari

The Church of San Matteo, Genoa, built in 1278

of the great Admiral, Andrea Doria, and from his descendants it passed into the hands of the municipality.

Genoa boasts of the most beautiful Columbus monument in the world. It is the work of several Italian sculptors, and was erected in 1862. It occupies a prominent place in a little park in front of the principal railway station. Upon a lofty pedestal decorated with the prows of ships stands the noble figure of Columbus. At his feet is a kneeling figure representing America. Four other allegorical figures, Religion, Science, Strength, and Wisdom, are at the base, which has panels sculptured with the principal events in the life of the intrepid navigator.

Being much interested in historical matters of the past, I thought it good fortune to have the opportunity to examine at leisure, during some of the beautiful summer days in Genoa, a massive volume, bound in boards, tied with leather straps ornamented with heavy seals, a perfect facsimile of old-time chronicles. It was entitled, "Christopher Columbus. Facsimiles of His Own Book of Privileges, 1502." It was edited in 1893, for the World's Fair at Chicago, under the direction of

the English scholar, B. F. Stephens. The greatest care had been given to it, the most critical study of all available material in the form of letters, charts, maps, prints, and royal documents. It gave translations in several languages, and was profusely illustrated by reproductions of charts, maps, seals, signatures, ornaments, and personal effects.

The grant from Ferdinand and Isabella was an astounding composition, beginning with a long discourse on the Holy Trinity, then coming down, in careful, logical manner, to the power and magnanimity of earthly sovereigns, especially of Ferdinand and Isabella.

There was a very satisfactory discussion of the armorial bearings of Columbus, and of the familiar motto, "To Castile and to Leon, Columbus gave a new world." The editor closed the discussion by stating that investigation proved that the motto, though consecrated by time, could not be shown to be authentic.

Another interesting section of the volume was devoted to a consideration of the directions given by Columbus in regard to the peculiar arrangement of letters used in his signature. "Don



Photo. Alinari

"The Golden House of Genoa." Palace of Andrea Doria

Diego, my son, or any other who shall inherit this entail, after inheriting and coming into possession of the same, shall sign with my signature which I now make use of, which is an X with an S over it, and over that an S, and then a Greek Y, with an S over it, with its lines and commas." Many suggestions as to the significance of the letters were given by the editor, but the labour ended with the statement,—“the exact meaning of these initials has not yet been ascertained.” The autograph of Columbus shows in this fashion:

S
S A S
X M Y
Xpo FERENS

In Genoa it is an easy matter to turn the current of one's thoughts from Christopher Columbus, the Discoverer, to Andrea Doria, the Admiral, and to his ancestors. No student of Genoese history can fail to be impressed by the important place occupied in olden times by the great Doria family. Silent, yet eloquent memorials to them stand in the Piazza of San Matteo. This little square, approached by narrow descending streets, is shut

away from noise and confusion by an ancient church and the palaces once occupied by the Doria family.

The Church of San Matteo was built in the thirteenth century, but the interior was somewhat altered in later times. Its front of black and white marble, with graceful mouldings, has an air of venerable dignity, very agreeable to the eye, and is interesting by reason of the numerous inscriptions, somewhat decorative in effect, relating to the Doria family. The oldest inscription is in honour of Admiral Lamba Doria, who in 1298 defeated the Venetians under Admiral Andrea Dandolo, in a terrible battle on the Adriatic Sea. Woe to Venice! Doria burned sixty-six galleys and brought eighteen home to Genoa with seven thousand prisoners. The defeat was so appalling that Admiral Dandolo took his life by dashing his head against the mast to which he had been chained by his exultant captors.

It is not unprofitable to turn aside from the main subject for a moment and recall the fact that among the seven thousand unhappy prisoners brought to Genoa in that autumn of 1298 was Marco Polo. He who had travelled so far from



Photo. Alinari

A Marble Relief in Piazza San Matteo, Genoa

Venice, had spent such memorable years in China and India and Persia, and had brought back wealth and stories of wondrous adventure, was now to share the ignominy and suffering of a Genoese dungeon. There his ability as a narrator, combined with his fund of information, proved a boon to his unfortunate companions, one of whom was a writer, a poor author from Pisa. He had long been an inmate of the prison, and perhaps had grown accustomed to its hardships. He was so diverted by the narratives of Marco Polo that he recorded them, as best he could, from day to day, and later the wonderful adventures were published, first in the French language, and afterward translated into Latin. It is refreshing to know that many of the wonders that were so long regarded as exaggerations or falsehoods have been substantiated and verified by the travels and researches of our own day.

But to return to the Church of San Matteo. Under the high altar is the tomb of Admiral Andrea Doria, who died in 1560, aged ninety-two. He lived in the most illustrious period of the world's history, he was the contemporary of a long line of illustrious men and women. He was an

actor in stirring events, a shining example of the strenuous life. He drove the pirates from the Mediterranean, and fought the political rivals of Genoa; he was influential in the affairs of the city, and was hailed by the republic as "Father of the Country." Enemies plotted against him, treachery attacked him, but he fought life's battle nobly, and he sleeps in the quiet little Church of San Matteo, while his sword hangs over the altarc canopy.

One of the dignified palaces around the Piazza of San Matteo was given by the republic of Genoa to Andrea Doria, in 1500, and the inscription proclaims him "Liberator of the Country." Because of its renown and beauty it is known in history as the Golden House of Genoa. The lower part of the palace, like many others of its time, shows alternate courses of black and yellow marble, and its doorway is a fine specimen of Renaissance sculpture.

There are two other notable doorways in the Piazza, with exquisite mouldings and charming sculptures of St. George killing the Dragon. One of the dragons is awesome enough to gratify the most rampant dragon-hunter, and the royal court,



Photo. Alinari

A Marble Relief of St. George and Dragon, Genoa

king, queen, and courtiers, sit placidly at one side watching the combat, but the young princess kneels in confident prayer. Both of the scenes are highly pictorial.

But one has not finished with Andrea Doria after leaving the Piazza of San Matteo. At the western end of the old harbour stands a plain, substantial palace with gardens on the hillside, which was the home of Admiral Andrea Doria in the latter part of his life. It contains frescoes and portraits and ornaments of various kinds, though the Dorias of the present day live in Rome. The palace was presented to Andrea in 1522, by the grateful city in recognition of the glory and security he had won for her, and then he had it remodelled and decorated for himself and his descendants. It is close to the water, and doubtless the old Admiral had full opportunity to enjoy his palace and gardens while keeping an interested eye upon the ships in the harbour.

According to all accounts he lived in princely style. At one time he gave a sumptuous banquet on board of one of his ships in the port, and to do special honour to some distinguished guests he ordered that the silver goblets used for the toasts

should be thrown into the sea, that no meaner lips should touch them. It was a spectacular performance, but not so prodigal as it appeared, for the wily old Admiral had caused nets to be suspended under the surface of the water all round the ship, and every goblet was saved.

Very human was Andrea Doria, having strong characteristics mingled with weakness, yet a most attractive personage, and it does not seem ignoble when taking leave of him to recall the fact that his faithful dog, Roedan, has a tomb in the palace garden.

"All roads lead to Rome" is an old saying, but in nearly every European city the pilgrim may say, "all streets lead to the cathedral." The history of the cathedral is generally very closely interwoven with the history of the city. It is the great centre of the community, the home of the people, the custodian of sacred legends and precious treasures, as well as a place of prayer and sacrifice. It is, therefore, the culminating point of interest for the lover of the historical and the beautiful, the place first visited after arrival, and upon it the last glance falls when departing. Sometimes the first visit is disappointing, but a



Photo. Alinari

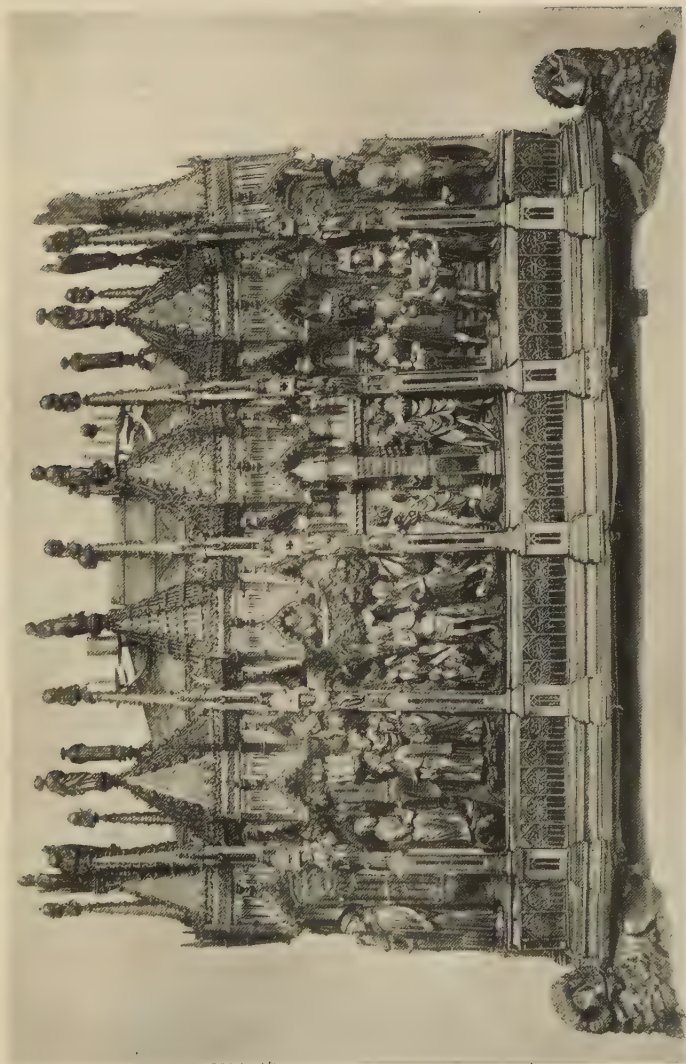
The Cathedral in Genoa. Built in 1100. Dedicated to San Lorenzo

more thorough inspection is sure to bring a fair reward.

The cathedral of Genoa is in the heart of the old part of the city, and it dates from the beginning of the twelfth century, but it stands on the site of an earlier church. In front of it is the usual vast space called in Italy a *piazza*. In architectural language the cathedral of Genoa is a combination of Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance styles. In colour it presents a zebra-like effect, because of the horizontal courses of black and white marbles. There is one square corner tower which waits patiently for its companion, there are charming little windows, as well as the great rose, and there is a side door with a picturesque canopy above it. A noble flight of steps leads to the three deeply-recessed front doorways, with fine old sculptures. The church is dedicated to St. Lawrence, or San Lorenzo, the patron of Genoa, and above the central portal is the conventional sculpture representing his martyrdom. The interior has suffered modern alterations and restorations, but the principal columns are from the original tenth century structure, and even the smaller columns are six hundred years old.

Notwithstanding the name of the cathedral, it is not easy to think of San Lorenzo in connection with Genoa, for he seems inseparable from Rome and some of her most hallowed spots. Another influence dominates this place, that of St. John the Baptist, San Giovanni Battista. From time immemorial the twenty-fourth of June has been kept in Europe as the great midsummer festival, but it is specially consecrated by the Catholic Church to St. John the Baptist. Some localities have reasons for a special observance of this day. Every one knows the honours paid by Florence to the great Baptist, and in Genoa also the day is made memorable. It is a general holiday, the city is decorated, all the shops display St. John cakes, made to resemble little logs of wood or trunks of trees with moss growing over them, upon which stands a boyish figure clad in drapery that suggests the lion's skin, and holding in his right hand the reed cross with the scroll bearing the words, "Ecce Homo."

At this festal time there are no representations of the mature St. John, the haggard Prophet of the Wilderness, shown in the old pictures and sculptures everywhere in Italy, figures that appeal



Sacristy of Cathedral at Genoa. Silver Shrine made to hold the ashes of St. John the Baptist
Photo. Alinari

to the imagination and haunt the memory, and make San Giovanni Battista a very real and solemn personality.

In Genoa, on St. John's Day, everybody goes to the cathedral, where continuous services are held in a chapel dedicated to the Baptist. It is a large chapel, opening like a recess from the left aisle of the church, and was erected at the close of the fifteenth century. It has most elaborate sculptures and decorations, presenting rather a florid appearance. No woman is permitted to enter it, but it may be plainly seen, for it is separated from the aisle merely by a low marble railing.

At this railing the stream of humanity, which passes by all day long, pauses to venerate the objects brought out from the cathedral treasury for this occasion, and which are guarded by special policemen.

One of these treasures is a silver chest, made in the fifteenth century, to enshrine relics of the Baptist, which were brought to Genoa during the Crusades. It is a superb specimen of metal work, decorated with reliefs portraying the history of the Forerunner, and with pinnacles and statues. Another object, which many of the faithful kiss,

is a large deep dish of dark agate bearing a low relief of a man's profile. This dish is known as the "Piatto di Chalcedonia," and it, too, was brought from the Orient during the Crusades. Traditionally, it is the charger upon which the daughter of Herodias displayed the head of the Baptist, the dish retaining the image miraculously.

These objects, and many others, may be more closely inspected upon certain days when the cathedral treasury is open to visitors. For this privilege regular tickets of admission are sold for a small sum, equal to ten cents. Among the exhibits are elaborate ecclesiastical vestments, jewelled crosses of gold and silver, and exquisite silver goblets. Beside the chest of San Giovanni there is another splendid shrine, of the sixteenth century, having many figures and reliefs portraying the life of Christ. It is surmounted by a monstrance, upon which Christ stands with the resurrection banner. This large magnificent shrine is carried in great procession through the streets near the cathedral every year on the festival of Corpus Domini, the Thursday after Trinity Sunday.

Perhaps the rarest treasure of this valuable

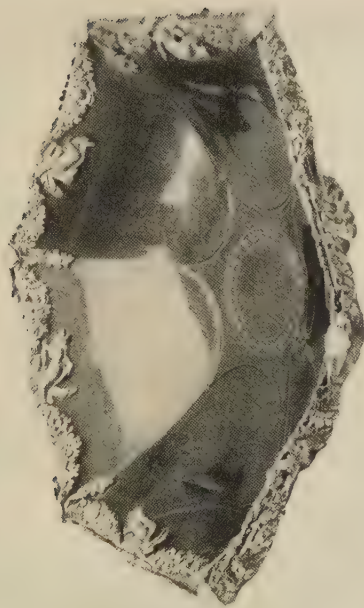


Photo. Alinari
The rarest treasure in the Cathedral of Genoa—the "Holy Grail"

ecclesiastical collection is that known as the "Sacro Catino," or Holy Grail. It is not a cup, but a shallow basin, made of dark green glass, which was for centuries regarded as an emerald. It rests on two gold claw-feet, and a gold phoenix with outstretched wings. The edge is bordered with gold, delicately wrought with foliage and small figures. This unique and beautiful treasure was brought to Genoa in the year 1101, by the crusader Guglielmo Embriaco, whose venerable tower has already attracted our attention.

These descriptions give some idea of the interests of Genoa. If the time comes for the pilgrim to sail away from Italy there is no better point of embarkation than the city long called "La Superba." This is especially true if one sails on a summer morning, on a ship scheduled to stop at Naples. Receding slowly from the land one has a fine view of the whole harbour of Genoa, of the city, of the high hills with their fortresses, and of the lighthouses. Farther along the lovely promontories delight the eye, during the afternoon hours. All through the summer twilight and the night the soft outlines of the Italian coast remain visible and at times historic islands are very close.

In the morning there is Naples, with her islands and her hills. All day the ship is at anchor, and the tide of life, full of noise and colour, surges round it. Freight is gathered into the vast hold, emigrants take leave of their friends and come on board, laden with their humble possessions. Little boats, filled with small wares to tempt the voyager, cluster round the giant hull, like a swarm of bees.

Finally, in the evening, the ship resumes her course, and all too soon Italy, like a great dissolving view, melts away into the distance and the night. Memory and affection instinctively cry out, *Addio, Italia*, but hope and desire gently whisper the words, *A rivederla, Italia*.

APPENDIX

Notable Doorways and Reliefs in Genoa

St. George and Dragon, traced in black on marble
under old arch near the Hôtel de Ville, Via Carlo
Alberto.

No. 11 Piazza San Cosimo, St. George and Dragon.

No. 67 Via Cannelto il Lungo, St. George and Dragon.

No. 29 " " " " " "

No. 5 Piazza di Pellicceria, " " " "

No. 6 " " " the Palazzo Spinola,
founded by the Grimaldi family, with a monu-
ment in courtyard.

No. 12 Via Posta Vecchia, St. George and Dragon.

No. 14 Piazza San Matteo, " " " "

No. 19 " " " " " "

No. 17 " " " Palace of Andrea Doria.

Palace in Piazza delle Cinque Lampada, huge head on
doorway, with voluminous folds and serpents,
yet not like the conventional Gorgon.

Two fine doors in Via delle Grazie.

Palace in the Salita di Santa Caterina.

No. 9 Piazza delle Lepre.

No. 16 Via Fossatello.

No. 6 Piazza Grillo Cattaneo.

No. 2 Piazza della Meridiana.

No. 47 Via Orefici, Adoration of Magi.

Vico San Sepolcro, Annunciation.

“ “ “ St. John the Baptist invoking aid
for the Serra family.

No. 14 Largo Via Roma, palace showing coat of arms
of the Spinola family, a spigot.

